

The NFL Defectors: Lame Ducks—Or Sitting Ducks?
Dave Schultz, Philadelphia's Kamikaze Flyer
Virgil Carter Vs. Bobby Douglass in Chicago

SPORT

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NOV. 75c

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In The
World?



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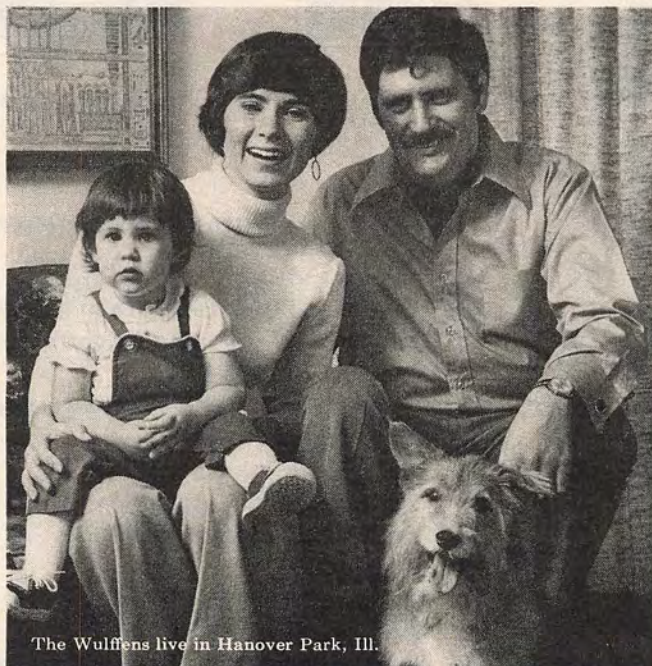
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What we did for the

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SPORT

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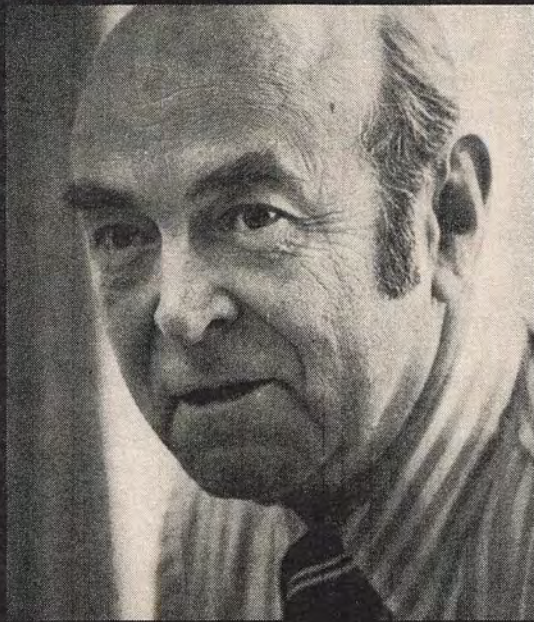
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**"No time. Let's
handle it with
a Long Distance
call."**



SOMETIMES LETTERS JUST DON'T DO IT.



NOV. THIS MONTH IN SPORT

When I asked Murray Olderman to survey the NFL defectors, their teammates and their coaches for this month's story on pro football's lame ducks, I realized I was getting an expert on only half the subject. Olderman knows football; he is the author of three handsome books on the game, *The Pro Quarterbacks*, *The Running Backs* and *The Defenders* (he knows offensive linemen, too, but they're not a hot publishing property). But Olderman doesn't know much about defecting; for more than 20 years, first in New York and now in San Francisco, he has been turning out syndicated columns and cartoons for the same outfit, NEA, the Newspaper Enterprise Association.

Non-defector Olderman has covered all sports for NEA, but as raw material for a reporter, pro football players remain his favorite athletes. He offers them as evidence for a theory he has developed over the years: "The more violent the sport, the more sensitive and articulate the athletes."

In recent years, Olderman has found himself forced into a new theory about athletes, Olderman's Law of Diminish-

ing Gratitude: "In the '50s, athletes were grateful for any attention you gave them. In the '70s, they're resentful of any attention."

While Olderman was researching his story on the defectors, Larry Csonka of the Miami Dolphins provided perfect proof of both theories. Sensitively and articulately, Csonka flatly declined to discuss his lame-duck status.

When Bob Sudyk was preparing this month's story on George Hendrick and Charlie Spikes of the Cleveland Indians, he felt as if he were covering a melodrama: The status of George Hendrick seemed to change daily. One day, his teammates were high on him; the next day, they were down on him. One day, Hendrick was talking to nobody; then he was talking only to SPORT, his first public statements since spring training; then he vanished from the team, saying he was going to check in with his draft board (a curious idea, since the draft has been eliminated); then he was back, talking to everybody and saying uncomplimentary things about his manager, Ken Aspromonte. As we went to press, it seemed a 50-50 bet that either Hendrick or Aspromonte would not be back with the Indians next spring. The only safe bet was that Sudyk would be; he has been covering the Indians, for the Cleveland Press, for ten years.

Dick Schaap



SPORT



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It's not that easy.

The people who've been bringing millions of big cars into the world for years and years aren't doing too much bragging about their big cars these days.

They've taken up another cry. Today they're "the small car experts."

For us at Fiat, small car expertise came not as painlessly or as suddenly. We've been making small cars for 70 years.

The difference between our slow evolution and their instant knowledge is obvious in the cars we make.

The Fiat 124 has almost a foot more legroom than a Maverick, a Nova, a Mustang II, and a Capri.



A small car shouldn't be a big car made smaller.

It even has more legroom than an Eldorado, an Imperial, and a Continental.*

The 124 isn't low and sleek like some of Detroit's small cars. Instead it gives you more headroom than a Rolls Royce.*

This height, plus exceptionally large win-

dows, keeps you from the claustrophobia those sleek small cars are becoming famous for.

The backseat of the 124 isn't the typical small car backseat. There's enough room in the back for two people 6'6" without their knees being up around their chins.

And the trunk will hold 7 pieces of luggage for those full-sized people.

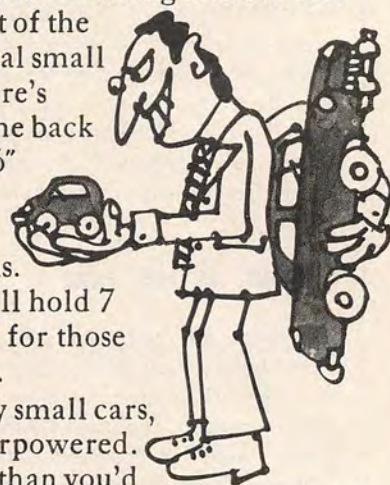
Unlike many small cars, the 124 isn't underpowered. It'll cruise faster than you'd normally care to go.

It corners flat and steers precisely. (Which is unique even in Detroit's big cars.) Of course, we did learn a few things from the big car boys. Our 124 comes with automatic transmission and air conditioning.

Now it's their turn to learn a few things from us.

FIAT

The biggest selling car in Europe.



Most people who make small cars really want to sell you something else.

*Automotive News Almanac 1974



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LETTERS TO SPORT

NETTLED BY NEWK

I just finished reading John Newcombe's conceited article on how he is going to win at Forest Hills (September).

First, it is true he is an outstanding player, but his article is nothing more than an arrogant attempt to psyche out the top opposition, besides belittling them.

It is my hope that my favorite, Tom Okker, spoils Newcombe's plans.

L. McCarty
Atlantic City, N.J.

Ed. Okker did not spoil Newcombe's plans. Nor did any of the five men Newcombe expected to face in the final beat him. Ken Rosewall did—in the semi-finals—and then Newcombe's worst fears were confirmed: An American—Jimmy Connors—won the whole tournament.

AHEAD OF HIS TIME

The year the NFL and AFL merged, years before the WFL had any ideas of forming, I drew up a tentative plan for the American Football Association. There were 14 members: The New Yorkers, Philadelphia Bells, Miami Floridians, Louisville Sluggers, New Orleans Dixies, Chicago Wind, Alabama Rebels, St. Paul Norsemen, Indianapolis Tribe, Cincinnati Blazers, Houston Texans, Oakland Oaks, Phoenix Thunderbirds, and Southern California Stars. The plan was perfect. The teams would play a 12-game season on Friday nights and one televised game on Saturday afternoons. Play would start in August with the championship played on Thanksgiving night. But there was only one hitch that stopped it: I was 11 years old at the time.

Dave Bailor
San Anselmo, Ca.

Ed. Gary Davidson, we hear, started planning new leagues when he was six.



JOHN NEWCOMBE

SORRY, WRONG NUMBERS

Regarding the article, "Sporting Life . . . With The New York Stars," which appeared in the September issue of SPORT, when asked about the social life near our Long Island training camp I was quoted as saying I had five or six phone numbers I could call any night. Although the quote was probably quite accurate, I can't be sure since I was feeling "a few bricks short of a full load" at the time. However, in the event that any of the local populace might have read it and gotten the wrong impression, I was referring to such numbers as 411 for information, the time,

dial-a-prayer. . .

Kent Pederson
New York Stars

Ed. Of course.

SORRY, WRONG SLIDER

Your article on the San Diego Padres ("San Diego Love Story: Two Big Macs & Lots of Trimmings," September) was one of the best articles I have ever read in SPORT. Although I am not a Padre fan, I enjoyed your analysis of the team and the multi-millionaire owner Ray Kroc. For understandable reasons, the Padres have never received much attention. Perhaps this lack of coverage has led to your error on page 87. If I am not mistaken, it is Matty Alou sliding home rather than Bobby Tolan. Please correct me if I am wrong.

Bob Smith
Rexford, N.Y.

Ed. You're right; Tolan is younger and swifter.

LOVE STORY

You're ahead of the pack. You've noticed that the story of the year is going on in San Diego.

And the real story is the team itself. They are truly remarkable. Buzzy Bavasi, through some legerdemain, has assembled the most dazzling collection of juvenile baseball talent ever assembled on one diamond, seasoned it with a few skilled veterans, and told them to go out and play the big guys. Naturally, they get soundly creamed most of the time. These kids are no match for a lot of much older, trained veteran players. But they keep trying, and they keep learning, and, just often enough to keep us hopeful, they win.

I could go on for pages, but it would bore you, as any lover's ecstasies bore the outsider. You would have to go there and see them to understand.

But I guess Don Freeman really said it all in his very first sentence.

How do you explain love?

Helen Knop
Los Angeles, Calif.

Ed. You don't have to explain it—and you never have to say you're sorry.

Letters To SPORT
205 East 42nd St
New York, N.Y. 10017

Wow...a Motorola mini car tape player for \$29⁹⁵!*



*"Talk about
Motorola magic!"*



CHECK THESE FEATURES

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- Manual Program Selector
- Program Indicator
- Tone Control
- Precision Head (no fine tuning adjustment needed)
- Solid state reliability

*Manufacturer's suggested list price
optional with dealers. Speakers extra.

This is the first time you ever saw a Motorola 8-track car tape player at a manufacturer's suggested list of \$29.95.

It's Motorola's latest, and it doesn't sound low priced. That's because it's engineered by Motorola and built to Motorola's exact specifications.

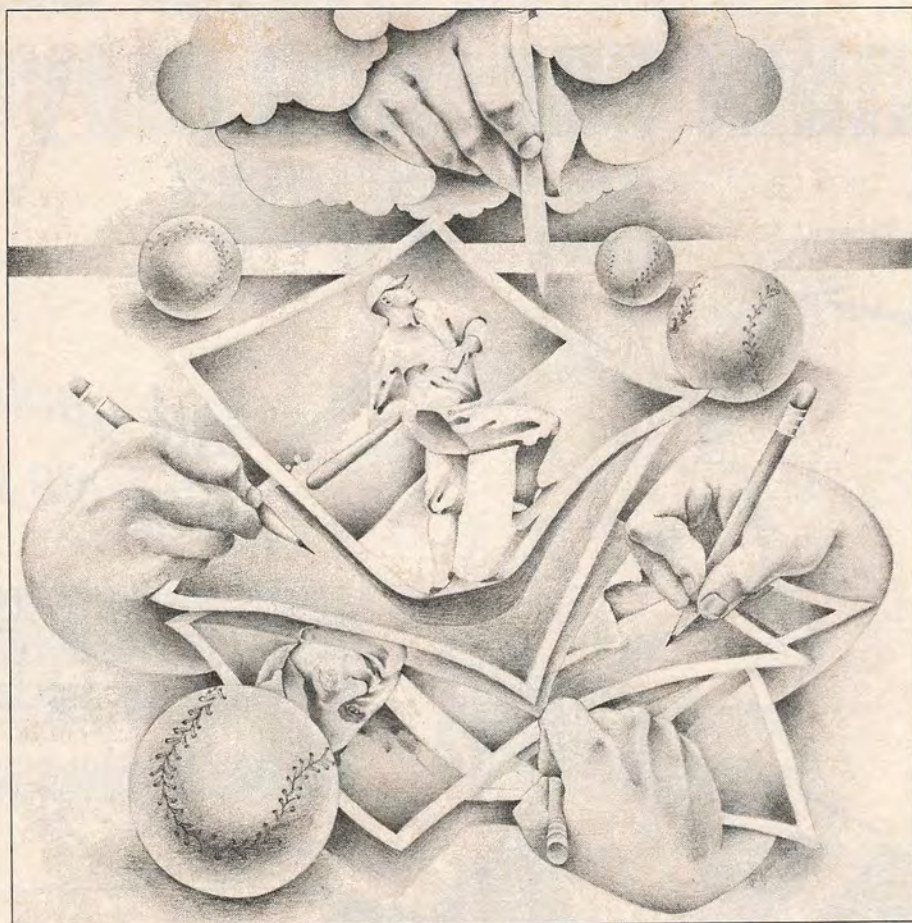
Motorola Model TM124S is designed to fit neatly into tight places such as the glove

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Visit your Motorola dealer and find out how much mini car tape player you get for your money. Wow! For sure!



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In Search Of Fuzzy Cupid

BY JONATHAN CARROLL

At nine, my only interest in sports was when my brother would call to me in my upstairs room, saying I could have the TV now, the game was over. At the time, he was 16 and captain of the high school football team. He wanted to go into the Marines and had gotten a bleeding-dagger tattoo on his forearm to prove it.

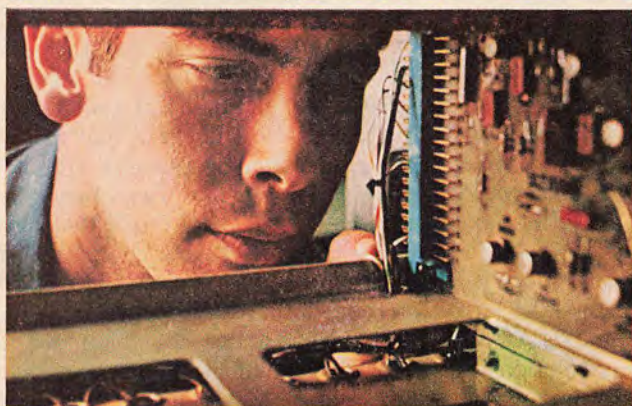
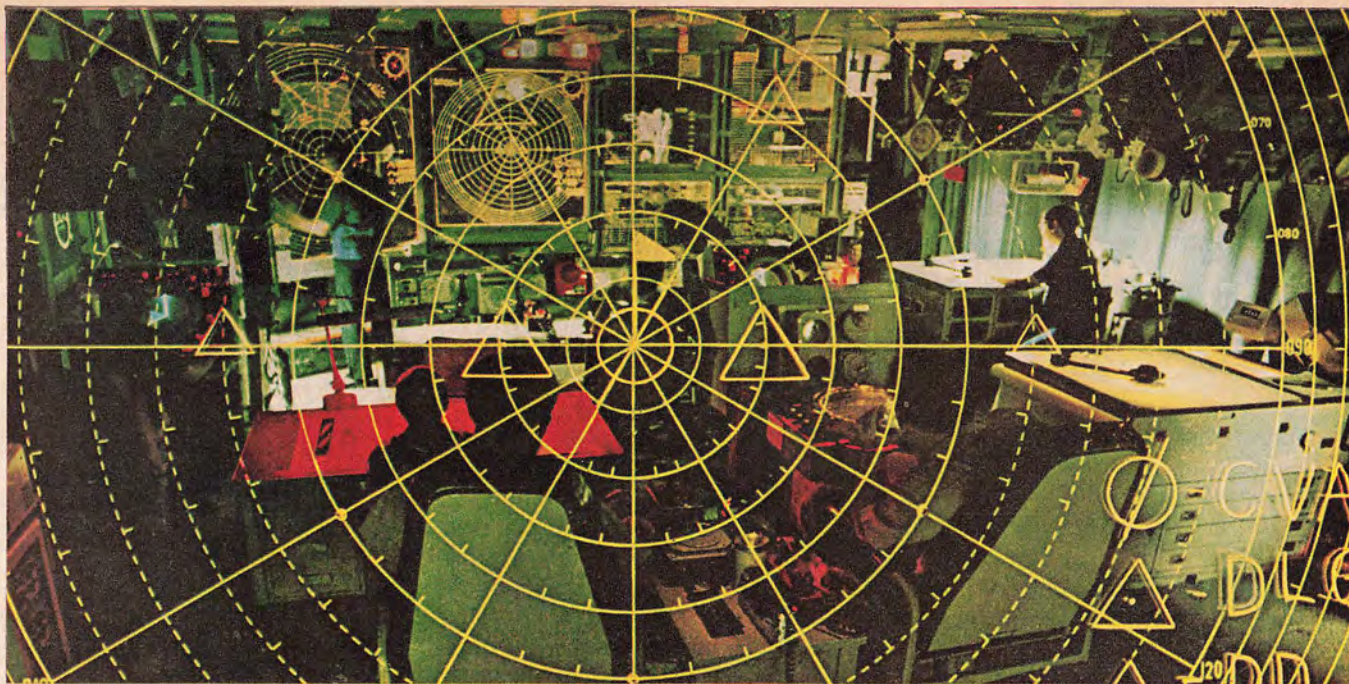
But I was fat and liked to watch anything except sports, so he was

deathly afraid that *his* brother was going to be "different." In the spring of that year, he made his deal with me. He was also the star pitcher on the baseball team, and since he liked having someone to throw to, he told me that if I learned how to wind up and deliver the right way, he would buy me a Clark Bar every time I went through the motion correctly. Because of the Clark Bars I became

very good at it, and before long, I moved from correcting my delivery to collecting autographs.

It wasn't that I was so interested in the ballplayers—by this time I had begun watching the Yankee games with my brother—but there was some kind of overwhelming mystique about getting a postcard, the man posing with his bat cocked over his shoulder or looking serious in the stretch position, with "To

Illustrated By Racquel Balin



You've got the brains. Do something smart with them.

Get technical training in the Navy's Advanced Electronics Program. Over \$17,000 worth of it! Or training worth even more, in the Nuclear Program.

And become involved with some of the most sophisticated electronic systems or nuclear power plants available today.

Think of the challenge. The opportunity. The solid future in a field that's helping to shape today's world.

If you can make the grade.

And that isn't easy. You'll need more than a high school diploma and that good brain of yours. You'll need good hands. And a real desire to stick with the intensive training. And the day-to-day chores.

But it's not all work. You'll see new places. Meet new people. Make new friends.

Look, you're too smart to miss out on an opportunity like this.

See your Navy Recruiter today. He can even tell you what you qualify for before you enlist. If you'd rather, mail the card. Or call us anytime: 800-841-8000. It's toll-free.

A good job. A good life. The Navy: It's a good deal.

Be someone special. Join the Navy.

Fuzzy Cupid

CONTINUED

Jonny God Bless You From Your Friend" or "Best Wishes to My Number One Fan."

At first, I wrote to only the greats—Warren Spahn, Mickey Mantle, Hank Aaron. But after two years I had exhausted the front line, so I had to second priority my letters: Wayne Causey, Ryne Duren, Chuck Estrada and others. By the beginning of the third year, I had exhausted not only the first and second line, but also the third, fourth and fifth (ballplayers just up from the minors). I began, in desperation, writing to players in the minor leagues.

I got names from reading the *Sporting News* diligently, to see who had pitched the two-hitter for Amarillo, or doubled twice for Indianapolis. As long as he *had* pitched the two-hitter, I would immediately write and tell him that although I had never personally seen him in action, his curve ball or booming bat was becoming so famous in sporting circles that I was sure it was just a matter of time before he was in the majors. How wonderful it must have been for a 17-year-old, just out of high school and playing for a Class B team in Modesto, to get a letter from some kid telling him that he's so great he'll soon be striking out the likes of Willie Mays. Most of the letters came back saying "God Bless You Jonny. With fans like you, I know I can make it."

At this point I was getting eight or nine letters a day. At lunchtime, I would call home from school and my mother would tally the day's treasures.

"I can't really read this, but it's a fat colored man. I think his name is . . . wait . . . let me see if I can

make this one out . . . Earl Battery?"

"No, Mom, that's Earl *Bat*tey. Go on, who's next?"

"This man has very big ears. 'Don Mossi.' Is that right?"

Sometimes there would be Bobby Tiefenauer or Julio Becquer, Luis Aparicio or Zoilo Versalles, and she would tell me she couldn't *possibly* make out the name and I would have to wait until I got home.

For some reason, I was terrified that someone would want to steal my Gary Geiger or Tom Sturdivant autographs, and so when the collection grew to about 500 (by this time I had begun collecting other sports stars), I bought a box that locked and kept the key (my only key) on a lanyard I had made at Camp Swago one summer.

After branching out into wrestling and boxing (one of my great childhood memories was seeing the Monroe Brothers, Sputnik and Rocket, walking down 48th Street, running up to them, and getting their signatures on a spiral notebook I always carried with me when I went to New York), I began getting a lot of fake, machine-stamped autographs. After much deliberation, my solution was to send photographs to the men and women (lady wrestlers like The Fabulous Moolah) and ask them to sign the *picture*. They were trapped. There was no way to fake-autograph a baseball card, or an eight-by-ten of "Nature Boy" Buddy Rogers putting the famous "Figure-Four Grapevine" hold on Sweet Daddy Siki. Still, I was finding it difficult getting certain wrestlers' and ballplayers' signatures, when luckily, I discovered the fan clubs.

They usually cost a quarter or 50 cents to join, but you got a membership card, a *real* autographed photo, and a newsletter telling you what your idol was up to that month. Some of the newsletters showed the president of the club (almost always a 32-year-old, bespectacled housewife from Islip or Brockton) posing at the annual dinner with *him*, *his* arm around her, both of them smiling benignly at all of us peons.

One of the typical clubs I joined was the Pat Patterson Fan Club. Pat—"a dynamic young star on the wrestling scene's horizon"—was from the Boston area. Once, while at Cape Cod for the summer, I met and even interviewed him for our club's newsletter. My father took me to a small wrestling club near Hyannis one night. The main event was between Pat and "The Boston Bad Boy," Golden Boy Dupree. The preliminary was between two midgets, Mr. Black Magic (a three-foot black man) against Fuzzy Cupid (a three-foot white man).

But I couldn't pay attention to the midgets. I had turned around at the beginning and seen *him*, Pat, standing in the doorway, eating a banana split. Breathlessly, I told my father and he said that I should go back and talk to him. I approached Pat timidly. I said that I belonged to his fan club and recognized him from his pictures. He said that it was nice to have fans like me and went back to eating his banana split. I told him that I thought he was someday going to get out of Buddy Rogers' Figure Four and become champion of the world. He told me that it was nice to have fans like me and walked away, still eating his banana split. I went home and wrote up the whole probing interview for the club newsletter.

By this time, I was a member of close to 40 fan clubs. I had been able to beat the autographers at their own game (the ratio was now about 7-1 in favor of real signatures), and I was seriously thinking about naming my son Jonny so that he could continue the monumental task his father had begun.

It was about this time also that I started to get a little mercenary. My brother, now in college, told me that if I wanted to collect autographs, I could not only collect, but make money, by writing famous people and asking them questions about their work. He said that he would give me their names and addresses, an idea of what to ask them—"He wrote about war" or "He's a philosopher and mathema-



They just go on and on and on.

Earl the Pearl is one of the fanciest players in the league. He's also one of the most dependable. His 24.3 play-off average, for example, is one of the highest around.

A Beetle may not be as fancy as Earl. But it's just as dependable.

A lot of Beetles are still on the road with over 100,000 miles on them. Which

shouldn't be surprising considering the way they're built.

Every Beetle is coated with 13 pounds of paint, has a sealed steel bottom, is inspected by 1000 inspectors, and is covered by the Owner's Security Blanket, the most advanced car coverage plan in the world.

And even when you sell it, a Beetle

won't let you down. A 1972 Beetle, for example, retails for about as much today as it did new.

But here the similarity between Earl and the Beetle ends.

You can get a Beetle for only \$2625.*

It'll cost you a lot more to get Earl.



The Great Impostor



Is it a cigarette? Definitely not.

Could a little cigar have such big flavor, give you such big pleasure? Definitely yes.

A&C Little Cigars — slim, filter-tipped — made with a very special blend that includes fine imported cigar tobaccos...cured for mildness and flavor.

Regular or Menthol — in the distinctive crush-proof box.

A&C LITTLE CIGARS,
The Great Impostor.



Fuzzy Cupid

CONTINUED

tician"—and we would split the profits when we decided to sell. I asked Norman Mailer, who had just published *The Naked and the Dead*, if war was a good subject to write about.

He wrote back. He said that if I wanted to write about war, I should write about war.

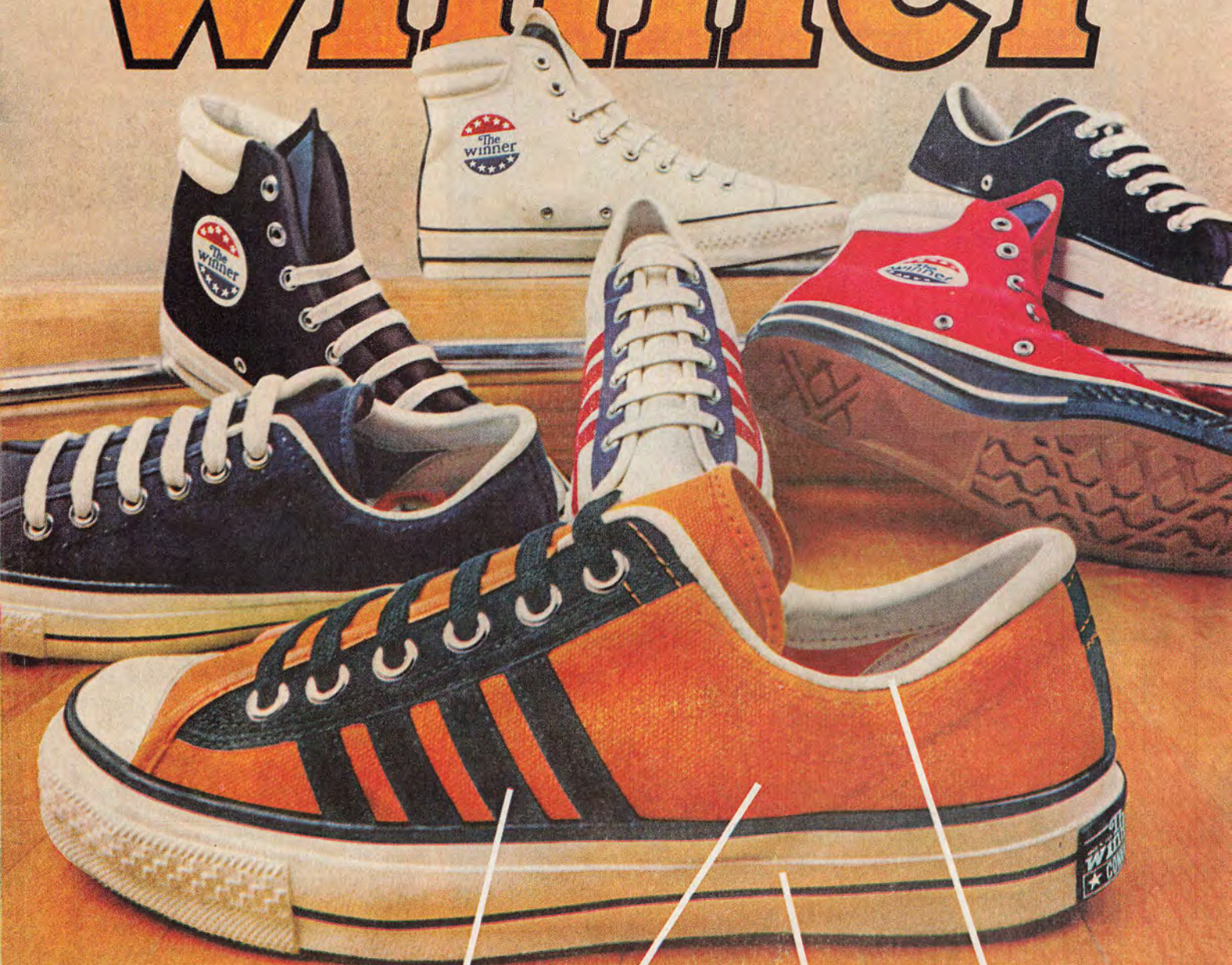
I told Bertrand Russell that although I was only 12 years old, I was seriously considering becoming either a mathematician or a philosopher. I asked him: Was it possible to do both?

He wrote back. He said yes, it was possible.

Several years ago, we decided to sell the entire collection—sports and famous people. We were able to get \$300 for the famous people, but the man who bought them told me that all he could offer for the athletes was ten dollars. There were close to a thousand of them and I couldn't sell. I mean, I had a letter from Cassius Clay, the new Gold Medalist in the Olympics, telling me how to train for a fight in two long pages. I had a picture of Benny Paret on his handler's shoulders after he knocked out Emile Griffith, only to be knocked out and killed by Griffith in their next fight. I had a letter from Sugar Ramos, in Spanish, describing his feelings now that he had knocked out and killed Davey Moore in their lightweight championship fight. And there were Whitey Herzog, Clint Courtney and Eddie Bresoud. . . .

Not long ago, I received a letter, forwarded several times, from the Johnny "Rubberman" Walker, Prince Maiiva Fan Club (a famous wrestling tag team). The letter said I owed 50 cents in back dues. ■

★ The ★ winner



At the Shoe Place

Sears

racing
stripes

cushioned
"shock
absorbers"

thick,
tough
rubber
soles

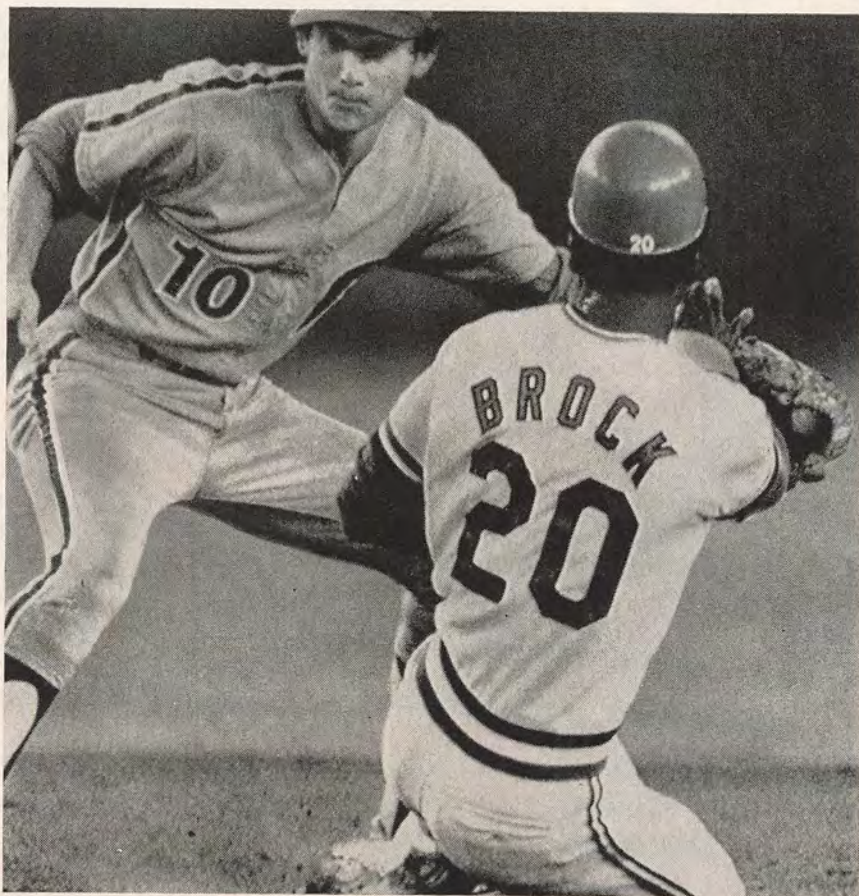
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Built by CONVERSE. Just for SEARS.

Low-Cuts and High-Tops. At larger Sears, Roebuck and Co. retail stores. And in the catalog.

SPORT TALK

BY DICK SCHAAP



AN HONEST MAN

Maury Wills deserves a medal. He also deserves a job as a major-league manager, but that's a different story.

Wills deserves a medal for the way he reacted to Lou Brock's attack upon his record of 104 stolen bases in a single season. Wills reacted with honesty.

In the first place, he rooted openly against the St. Louis star. "I'm very proud of that record," said Wills, when Brock was still a good distance away from the mark. "I'd hate to see anyone steal 105 bases."

In the second place, he was able to smile even as he squirmed. "I don't understand it," said Wills, as Brock came close to the record. "I'm sticking pins in the doll every night, but nothing seems to help."

In the third place, he never lapsed into false humility. "I had more finesse, I took a bigger lead," said Wills, as Brock matched the record. "Lou's faster."

And, finally, Wills shied away from the worst cliché of all. "The last thing I'm going to say is that records are made to be broken," said Wills, after his record fell. "I never thought this one would be broken. If I'd known Lou was going to do this, I would have stolen 130 bases in 1962."

It may be several years before anyone breaks Maury Wills' record for candor.

BARE-CHEEKED BOY

"Motivated either by a desire to restore the splendor of the classical games of Greece and Rome, or by some baser design, the defendant emerged nude from the area of the field boxes alongside third base. Clutching his clothing in one hand, he ran . . . across the infield in the general direction of the right-field bullpen, disappearing from under the right-field stands."

This rather ornate description of the streaker who interrupted a 1974 baseball game between the New York Yankees and the Cleveland Indians was offered not by a sportswriter, bored with the more conventional forms of play-by-play, but by the Honorable

If Maury Wills had known his record 104th stolen base (top) would fall to Lou Brock's 105th, he'd have stolen 130.

THE SEAGRAM'S GIN BLOODY MARY.



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3 oz. tomato juice, ½ oz. of lemon juice,
a dash of Worcestershire,
salt, pepper. Shake with ice.

Seagram's. The Perfect Martini Gin. Perfect all ways.

M. Marvin Burger, a judge in the New York City Criminal Court.

Judge Burger took the occasion of sentencing the streaker to provide courtroom buffs with a skimpy history of the proper attire for a baseball diamond:

"Even in this era of string bikinis and abbreviated tennis clothing, the defendant's nudity was a startling departure from the attire prescribed by custom for major-league baseball players. . . . If the defendant sought by his example to induce the players to adopt his attire, or, more accurately, lack of attire, his efforts were certain to result in failure.

"Baseball fans and players are a conservative lot and highly resistant to change in the national pastime's rules and traditions. The court is indebted to the learned John F. Redding, librarian of the National Baseball Hall of Fame, for the information that the basic baseball uniform—cap, blouse, knickerbockers and knee-length hose—has changed only in minor details since 1868 when it was first adopted by the Cincinnati Red Stockings. . . .

"But even if he had no regard for tradition, a few minutes of reflection should have brought home to the defendant the sheer preposterousness of any scheme to induce players to shed their uniforms. Could any rational man conceive of the likelihood of a naked runner completing a stolen base by a dust-raising slide? Or a catcher, normally insulated from injury by a chest pad and shin guards, catching a fast ball protected only by his padded mitt? The mind reels as it contemplates the image of a paunchy manager clothed only in his dignity trotting from the dugout to the mound to discuss with a tiring pitcher the state of his morale. . . . Imagine an umpire crouched over home plate, his jutting posterior no longer concealed by shiny blue serge, bereft of pockets for the storage of spare baseballs and the essential whiskbroom. . . .

"No . . . the court is forced to conclude that the defendant . . . was bent (only) on self-exploitation."

After his historical rhapsody, Judge Burger handed down his sentence:



"If the court possessed the authority of Gilbert and Sullivan's 'Mikado' to make the punishment fit the crime . . . the court would sentence defendant to run the bases in Shea Stadium only every quarter-hour from midnight to one hour before sunrise before an audience of a Corrections Department office and a stadium groundskeeper. Lacking this power, the defendant is sentenced to pay a fine of \$150 or serve a term of 15 days on the charge of criminal trespass. . . . If the defendant chooses imprisonment, his term will be served at Riker's Island, where he will be enabled to watch his fellow prisoners play base-

The night Alex Johnson became a Yankee, he made the Boston Red Sox wish he had stayed in the National League.

ball wearing the same kind of regulation Department of Correction uniform that he will wear."

CAIN IS ABLE

Before the start of the 1973 baseball season, SPORT ran a story called "Everyone Knows Ron Is Able, But Why Does Alex Raise Such Cain?" The story profiled the Johnson Brothers, Ron of the New York Giants, Alex of Philadelphia, St. Louis, Cincinnati, California, Cleve-

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SP 11-74

land, Texas and, now, the New York Yankees.

Our story suggested that the best thing that could happen to Alex Johnson would be for him to play in New York City," a development," we warned, "which would probably occur only over Ralph Houk's outstretched body."

At the end of the 1973 season, Houk's outstretched body was shipped to Detroit, and in the final month of the 1974 season, Alex Johnson became a New York Yankee. In his very first game, Alex hit a 12th-inning home run that gave the Yankees a dramatic 2-1 victory over the Boston Red Sox.

We'd like to thank the Yankees for waiting only 18 months to take our advice—and Alex Johnson for waiting only a few hours to make us look like geniuses.

TENNIS ENVY

Tennis is the only sport in which love is an official term, which may explain why most of the attention, during the 1974 U.S. Open championships at Forest Hills, focused upon Chris Evert and Jimmy Connors.

Evert and Connors, as everyone knows, are about to commit matrimony, and at Forest Hills, they wanted to give themselves the perfect wedding present: The men's and women's singles titles. Each was seeded No. 1, but half of them failed. Evonne Goolagong ruined Chris' bid in the women's semi-finals; Connors simply ruined Ken Rosewall in the men's finals.

Evert and Connors exist in a rather isolated world, its boundaries set by a small group of people, including Jimmy's mother, Chris' mother and father, a few business advisers and a pair of tennis consultants named Pancho—Segura and Gonzales. Within that world, Chris and Jimmy may be able to relax, but outside, they keep up fairly constant images. Chris is prim and proper, always saving and doing the right thing; Jimmy is the flashier, less lovable one, sometimes an

awesome tiger, sometimes just awfully childish.

But at Forest Hills, the real world occasionally intruded, and at least once, the image of Chris Evert slipped. During their first mixed doubles match, Connors and Evert found the crowd pulling against them, to the extreme point where Connors' faults and double-faults inspired cheers.

When the match ended, with Connors and Evert winning, Connors was asked why the crowd was so harsh on him and his partner.

Before Connors could answer, Chris blurted out, "They're jealous."

Connors looked stunned by the bluntness of the remark. So did Chris. She turned and buried her head in his shoulder, and Jimmy said, "There's nothing more to say. She said it all."

Connors and Evert did not win the mixed doubles title; they lost to Masters and Teeguarden. The best mixed doubles team of all, of course, is Masters & Johnson.

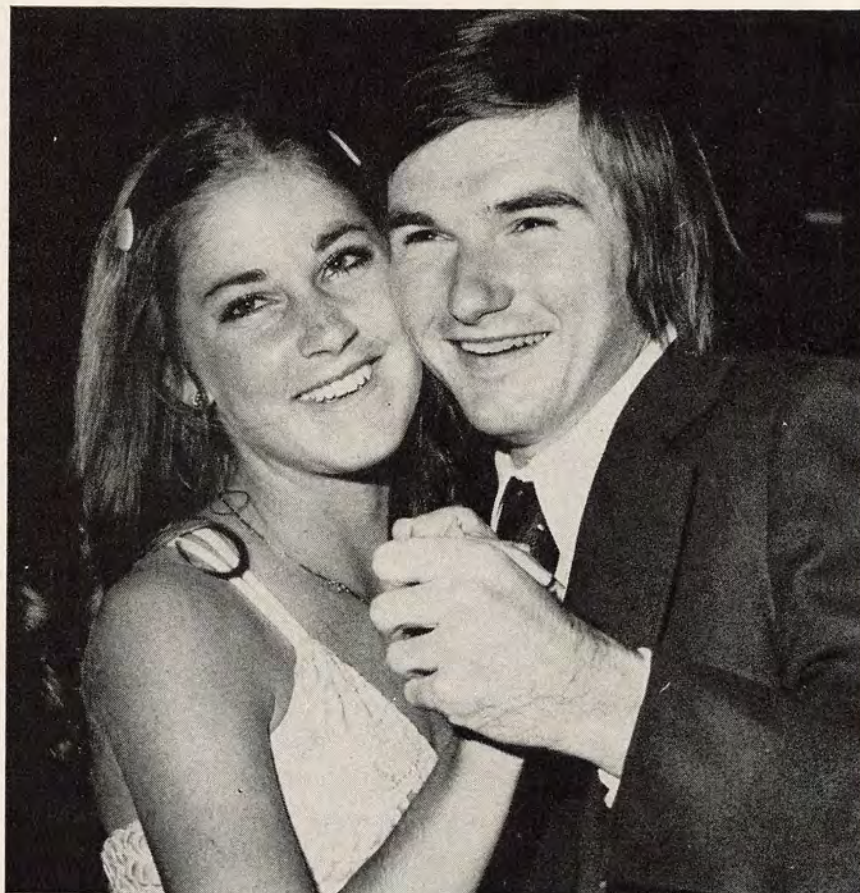
THE PRESIDENT AT PLAY

When the World Golf Hall of Fame was dedicated recently at Pinehurst Country Club in North Carolina, the distinguished golfers who showed up included Nicklaus, Palmer, Player, Nelson, Sarazen, Snead, Hogan and Ford. Not Doug Ford. Jerry Ford,

To mark the occasion, President Ford played nine holes on the famous Pinehurst No. 2 course. Members of the Hall of Fame alternated as his playing partners, and on the first hole, the President was paired with Nicklaus, Palmer and Player. Only one of the three outdrove him: Nicklaus.

Later, Ford teamed up with Nelson, Sarazen and Snead. Gene Sarazen offered his appraisal of the President's game: "He's a helluva lot better than I."

Each of the inductees, plus the President, received a commemorative medallion from the Hamilton Mint, a division of Downe Communications Inc., SPORT's parent company.



Why should anyone be jealous of Chris and Jimmy? All they've got is talent, a few hundred thousand and each other.



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16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar,"
1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '74

DIDN'T YOU USED TO BE...

ONE OF THE WORLD'S
RICHEST ATHLETES?



JOE LOUIS

On June 22, 1937, Joe Louis became the heavyweight champion of the world by knocking out James Braddock in eight rounds in Chicago. He went on to defend his title 25 times—without a defeat—and retired on March 1, 1949, as the unbeaten world champion.

During his 12-year reign, Joe Louis earned more than \$4.4 million in purses alone. Ten times, he collected \$100,000 or more for a night's work; his biggest paycheck came to \$625,000, for his eighth-round knockout of Billy Conn at Yankee Stadium on June 19, 1946.

After a brief and unsuccessful comeback in 1950, Louis retired from the ring for good in 1951. He should have been a very rich man, but he wasn't. Unlike most of today's wealthy athletes, who are guided by astute sports agents, Louis didn't get the best expert advice on how to invest and spend his money. His chief adviser for many years was John Roxborough who, unknown to Louis, helped run an illegal lottery in Detroit. Roxborough eventually went to prison. Louis eventually went broke.

He bought more clothes than he could

possibly wear and more cars than he could possibly drive. Friends found him an easy touch and he could always be counted on for contributions to charities; legitimate and questionable. He lost \$65,000 in two restaurant ventures, and as early as 1943 owed the government \$98,000 in income taxes. By 1960, that figure had soared to \$1,250,000, and it was obvious that Louis would never again get himself completely out of debt.

While his debts kept climbing, his health started failing. He has been hospitalized for both physical and mental illness, but lately, his health seems to have stabilized. Earlier this year he refereed the Madison Square Garden bout between Joe Frazier and Jerry Quarry.

At 60, Louis now lives with his wife in Las Vegas, where he has worked on and off for the last four years as a greeter at Caesar's Palace. Surrounded by opulence, he lives modestly, a far cry from the days when he was one of the world's richest athletes.

—SHERYL FLATOW

INSIDE BY ALLAN ROTH FACTS

It certainly comes as no surprise to find that Miami Dolphins' coach Don Shula started the 1974 season with the best lifetime pro-coaching record among the 26 NFL head coaches. . . . Shula began the current season with a record of 117 wins, 32 losses and five ties in regular season games, for a .776 percentage, tops among coaches who have had more than one season in pro ranks. . . . He has had 11 consecutive winning seasons in the NFL, seven with Baltimore and four with Miami.

Shula-coached teams have finished first or second in their conference or division in each of the last ten seasons, after a third-place finish in his first year, 1963, when Baltimore had an 8-6 record


(his worst won-lost mark). . . . His best season, of course, was 1972, when the Dolphins had a record-breaking 14-0 year, and added three more wins in post-season playoff games, including the Super Bowl. . . . Shula is the only coach who has led his teams to the Super Bowl four times.

George Allen, now in his ninth year as a pro head coach, has had eight consecutive winning seasons, and his lifetime percentage of .728 (79-28-5) ranks second to Shula. . . . Allen, now in his fourth year with Washington, after five seasons as head coach of the L.A. Rams, has led his teams to first- or second-place finishes in conference or division play in each of the last seven seasons, after finishing third, with an 8-6 record, in his first year, 1966. . . . Since then, he has never lost more than four games in regular-season play.

The youngest coach in the NFL, 38-year-old John Madden of the Oakland

Raiders, is the only other coach (in addition to Shula, Allen and Chuck Knox, who has been a head coach only one full season), who has never had a losing year. . . . In his five seasons with Oakland, Madden has led the Raiders into first place four times and into second place once. . . . His winning percentage of .721 is third-best among NFL coaches, behind Shula and Allen.

The winningest coach in NFL ranks is Paul Brown, the league's senior coach, now in his 24th pro season. . . . In his 23 previous years, Brown's teams have won 195 games, lost 94 and tied nine, for a percentage of .669. . . . He has had 19 winning seasons, and only four under-.500 years (one in 17 years at Cleveland, and three in his six years at Cincinnati). . . . With the Bengals finishing in a first-place tie in the Central Division last year, it was the 14th time Brown's teams have been first or second in their division or conference.



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Bobby Clarke

1. Who was the first major-league baseball player to be paid \$100,000 for one season?
 - a. Joe DiMaggio
 - b. Babe Ruth
 - c. Hank Greenberg
2. Which of these pro golfers has not won over a million dollars in official money on the PGA tour?
 - a. Johnny Miller
 - b. Gary Player
 - c. Lee Trevino
3. Which tennis tournament offers the largest purse of any in the world?
 - a. WCT Finals
 - b. U.S. Open
 - c. Wimbledon
4. Which horse is the all-time leading money-winner?
 - a. Secretariat
 - b. Kelso
 - c. Nashua



Bobby Orr

5. Which golf tournament offered the largest purse ever on the PGA tour?
 - a. 1973 World Open
 - b. Jackie Gleason-Inverrary
 - c. Dow-Jones Classic
6. True or false: No player on the Miami Dolphins was paid over \$100,000 for 1973, the year the Dolphins won their second consecutive Super Bowl.
 - a. Henry Aaron
 - b. Dick Allen
 - c. Tom Seaver
7. Who was the highest-salaried baseball player during the 1974 season?
 - a. Rod Laver
 - b. John Newcombe
 - c. Ilie Nastase
8. Which tennis player won the most money in one year before 1974?
 - a. Jack Nicklaus
 - b. Arnold Palmer
 - c. Gary Player
9. Which golfer won the most money on the PGA tour in one year before 1974?
 - a. Ali-Frazier (New York)
 - b. Liston-Patterson (Las Vegas)
 - c. Tunney-Dempsey (Chicago)
10. Which heavyweight championship fight, before Ali-Foreman, had the largest purse in ring history?
 - a. Ali-Frazier (New York)
 - b. Liston-Patterson (Las Vegas)
 - c. Tunney-Dempsey (Chicago)

11. Which sporting event pays the largest winning share to each member of the championship team?
 - a. World Series
 - b. Super Bowl
 - c. NBA Championship Finals

12. True or false: Players who fail to finish in the top 20 in a PGA tournament are paid nothing.

13. Who was the highest-salaried player in the National Hockey League last season?
 - a. Bobby Clarke
 - b. Bobby Orr
 - c. Brad Park

14. Which Triple Crown event offered the biggest purse in 1974?
 - a. Kentucky Derby
 - b. Preakness
 - c. Belmont Stakes

15. Who is the only relief pitcher in baseball whose salary for 1974 exceeded \$100,000?
 - a. Mike Marshall
 - b. Sparky Lyle
 - c. Dave Giusti

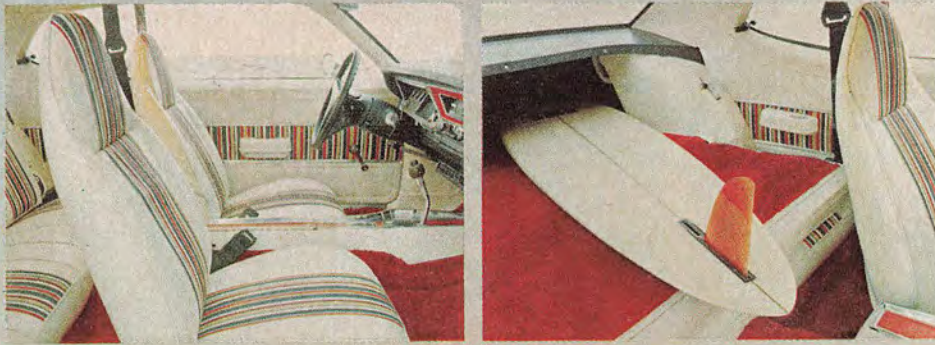


Brad Park

16. Who is the only manager in baseball who had a contract in 1974 for more than \$100,000 a year?
 - a. Dick Williams
 - b. Walter Alston
 - c. Yogi Berra

FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 107

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The Dodge Dart "Hang 10." The sensible car for people who want to keep it a secret.



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Who Is The Richest Athlete In The World?

BY GERRY ESKENAZI

The short, stocky black man looked suspicious. He came into the airport in Salisbury, Rhodesia, carrying a suitcase, guarding it as if he were concealing something, perhaps some silverware he had lifted from a hotel.

"Open the case," he was commanded. The man clicked the catches, the top snapped up—and \$100,000 was sitting in the case.

After his arrest, the man explained that he was Pele, the world's most famous—and, at that time, its richest—athlete. The money? Well, his soccer team, Santos of Brazil, was on an exhibition tour and every time he played an exhibition game Pele received \$10,000 in cash. Where else should he keep his money but in a suitcase?

Today, any self-respecting athlete would need at least two suitcases.

At higher prices than ever before, more people than ever before are paying to watch their favorite sports heroes compete. And with television revenues and exposure increasing, too, more money than ever before is available to these heroes, not only in earnings from their sports, but from fringe sources. In the last few years, millionaires have been created simply because they can sink a putt, or drive a car fast around S-curves, or throw a punch or kick a ball.

"The athlete of today has become the movie star of yesterday," says Bob Woolf, the agent who once got a \$2.65 million contract for Derek

Sanderson, a player who never led the National Hockey League in anything except shorthanded goals. "It's the athletes that the public trusts to endorse shaving cream, or the athlete the public will pay \$15 to see. At last, the athlete finally is getting his fair share."

Judging by net worth, the criterion being used here to determine the richest active athletes, golfer Arnold Palmer has gotten the biggest share of all. Palmer is the world's richest athlete. His net worth exceeds \$10 million and his annual gross income is \$2 million. He earns \$200,000 or so a year from competing in golf. The rest comes as royalties from, among other items, the golf clubs and gloves that bear his name, from commercials, from the

He's just won \$25,000,
poured a bucket of champagne
over his head.
He's not going to follow all
that with a boring cigarette.



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Get a taste of excitement.

Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

Richest Athlete

CONTINUED

hefty annuity he receives as part of the \$8 million deal that was worked out when he sold his clothing company to the National Broadcasting Company.

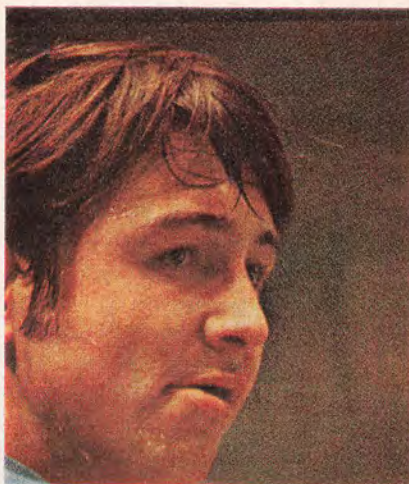
Palmer's *aide de camp*, Doc Gif-



fin, concedes that Palmer's road to the highest tax bracket began on the links, "where you get intimate with people in business and establish relationships." But Giffin refuses to detail the extent and sources of Palmer's wealth. "We don't like to talk about money. It's not," says Giffin, "part of Arnie's image."

While Giffin worries that Palmer's image might be tarnished in the eyes of Americans if the extent of plain old Arnie's riches were known, the rest of the world has been accustomed to seeing its heroes grow wealthy. In Europe, the top bike riders, soccer players, auto

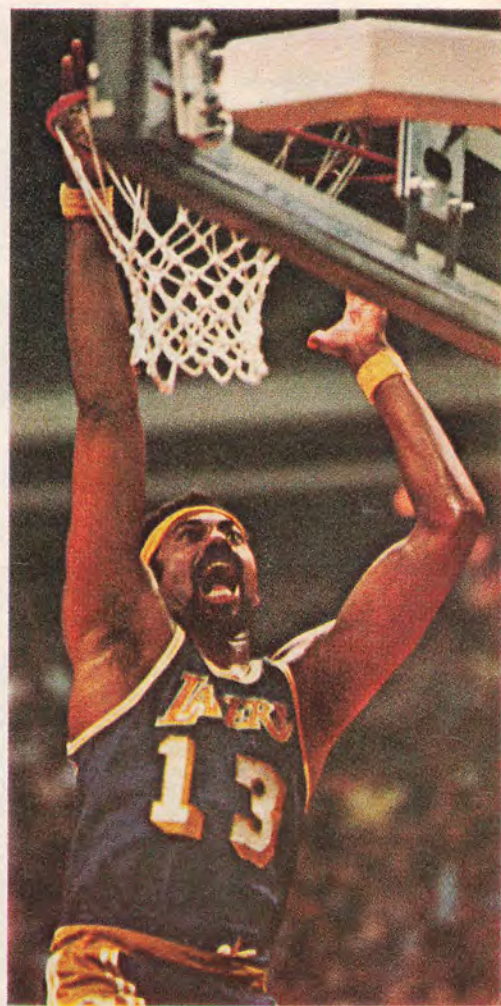
drivers and bullfighters have been in the American equivalent of six figures for 20 years. But no one, outside of Palmer, anywhere in the



world has earned as much money as the Brazilian soccer star Pele—the world's second richest athlete.

Fifteen years ago, the Brazilian

government declared Pele a natural resource, something like our Redwood forests; by law he could not be traded out of the country. Although it has been several years since he's been willing to extend his soccer season and compete for the Brazilian national all-star team in international competition such as World Cup, Pele's name remains so big in Brazil that a while ago he had the audacity to start a new cof-



Namath, Park, Fittipaldi and Chamberlain have earned scars as well as millions; only Nicklaus leads the good safe life.

fee company in the country that sells more coffee than any other. Cafe Pele is now Brazil's largest-selling coffee.

If it were possible to put an exact value on his vast real-estate holdings and investments in the wild Amazon region, there is a chance Pele's net worth might exceed Pal-

mer's. Given the current estimate of these holdings, Pele's net worth is about \$8 million. His annual income approaches \$2 million. He owns rubber factories, a travel agency, a clothing company. His name is on TV sets, on Adidas sportswear and on Pepsi Cola ads; Pepsi alone



pays him \$200,000 annually to help promote its worldwide soccer program for youngsters. His salary for soccer once made him the athlete with the highest annual wage from sports—\$800,000 a year, including \$10,000 a game for about 40 exhibitions. Now, he takes only a

\$400,000 salary for the regular season and plays international exhibition matches for free. He gave up the exhibition money, explains an associate, "because he felt he owed his country something."

Twice a year, Pele sits down with Brazil's finance minister to discuss how much his taxes will be. Since Brazil is encouraging investments in the Amazon in an attempt to develop the jungle, Pele's holdings there yield tax-free profits. But even so, he is Brazil's largest individual taxpayer, turning over \$48,000 a month these days in income tax.

Pele insists he doesn't pay attention to how much he's worth. "I don't know how much it is," he says. "My father told me that when you're

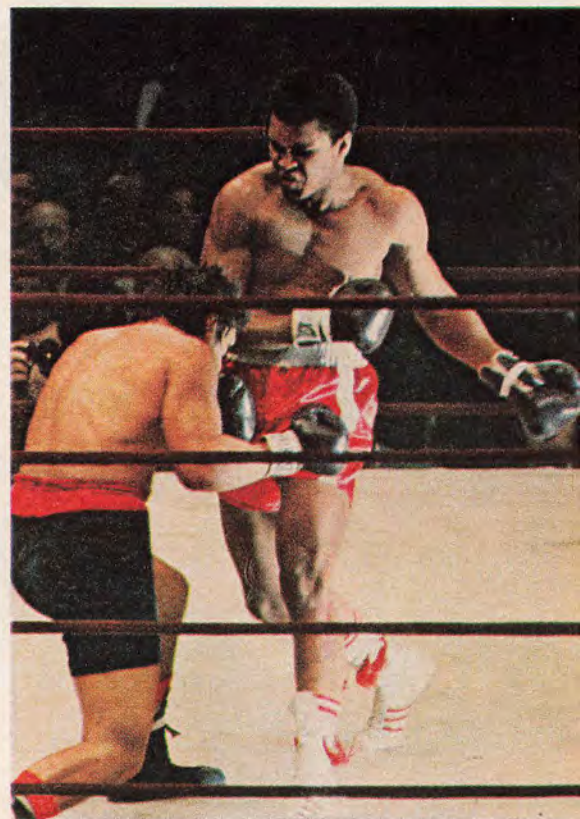


working, don't stop to count your money."

For decades, of course, there's always been one group of athletes who could become instant millionaires—or close to it. From the first "Million Dollar Fight" on, professional prize fighters have fought for purses that made their contemporaries' earnings seem paltry in comparison. The biggest purses of all have come to heavyweight prize fighters, one of whom, Muhammad Ali, is currently the world's third richest athlete. (Like the second richest, Ali has announced his intention to be an athlete by the end of 1974.) It became clear back in the spring that Ali could earn more this year than

any athlete ever earned in 12 months. With a guarantee of \$5 million for his title fight against George Foreman in Zaire, Ali's 1974 income—before heavy expenses—figured to climb to about \$8 million, since he had earned close to \$2 million for his Joe Frazier bout earlier in the year.

Ali has, according to his lawyer, Bob Arum, "no equity holdings except his house." Virtually all his \$3 million is in cash, or readily available in the form of treasury notes and certificates of deposit. "He re-



Pele, Palmer and Ali, the world's three richest male athletes, far outearn King, the world's richest female athlete.

gards the stock market as gambling, which is against his religion," says Arum. "He contributes a certain amount of his income to the Muslims, but not much."

Overall, Ali's net worth is between \$3 and \$4 million.

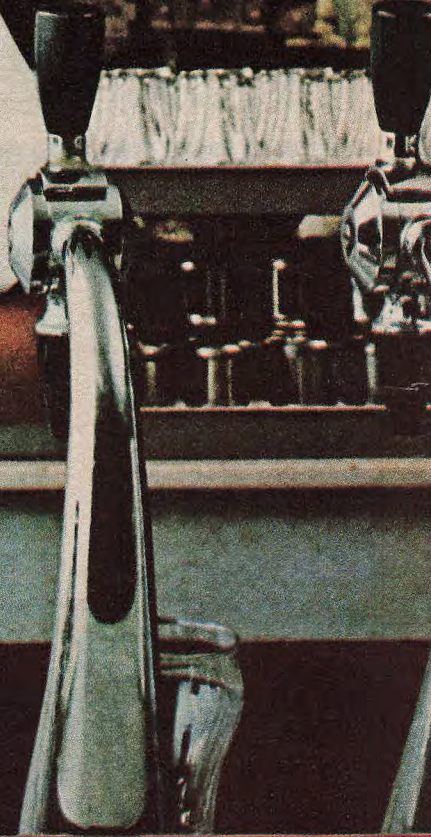
Among the active professional athletes whose fortunes were started by earnings from sports, six men with a net worth in excess of \$1

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CHOC. STR. MINT		RASPBERRY
CHOC. STR. MINT		TURKEY TURTLE
CHOC. STR. MINT		VANILLA TURTLE
CHOC. STR. MINT		ORANGE PINEAPPLE
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CHOC. STR. MINT		RASPBERRY
CHOC. STR. MINT		LEMON



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Richest Athlete

CONTINUED

million and one who admits to a worth of \$2 million rank behind the top three of Palmer, Pele and Ali. The man worth \$2 million is harness racing's Del Miller, who has earned a lot of it as a driver, but most of it as a result of his astuteness in recognizing that a bad-mannered horse named Adios would be a great sire. Miller bought Adios for \$21,000 and by the time Adios dried up, the stud fee was \$15,000. "The horse earned me over a million," Miller says.

The other millionaires are Jack Nicklaus, Bobby Orr, Wilt Chamberlain, Willie Shoemaker, Gary Player and Emerson Fittipaldi, the Brazilian Grand Prix driver. Where the symbol for Arnold Palmer's enterprises is the striped golf umbrella, neat and simple, worn over the heart on a sportshirt, Fittipaldi brings to mind a walking billboard. Signs are plastered over his uniform, helmet and car, advertising, among others, Texaco, Phillip Morris and the Brazilian Coffee Council. Fittipaldi receives the world's highest guarantee among drivers: \$220,000 a year. For hustling the products, his income swells to \$800,000 annually.

Chamberlain has vast real-estate holdings. He also earns the highest sports salary in the world. When Wilt read somewhere that he was earning \$575,000 a year, he got insulted; the dentist who owns the ABA's San Diego Conquistadors pays him \$600,000 annually, \$200,000 more than the runnerup, Pele, receives. A good chunk of Chamberlain's salary goes to maintain his California mansion, which requires about a cord of wood a week to keep a fire burning in the 40-foot-high fireplace.

Over the last 25 years, the mounts of jockey Shoemaker have earned \$55 million, and he's taken down ten percent of that. Now he has cut down his activities, earning only about \$150,000 a year.

"I was maybe 18 when I first started earning \$100,000," says Shoemaker. "I wasn't intelligent with the money. I bought a big Jaguar and all kinds of things. Now I have a little Mercedes. My wife drives a Cadillac."

By the time he was 21, he says, "I realized I needed professional help in managing my money. Why? Well, maybe I didn't have money to pay the taxes."

When pressed, Shoemaker will

concede he is a millionaire, who lives "not too conservatively and not too lavishly." His excess is tennis; on the court at his home, he plays against Johnny Carson, Burt Bacharach and O. J. Simpson.

Ranking just below the "millionaires," are the "future" millionaires—athletes, male and female, whose net worth shows promise of swelling into seven figures.

Few people in this country have ever paid to see a bike race, but one of the world's top-paid athletes is Eddie Merckx of Belgium, good for over \$600,000 annually, about \$100,000 of it from competition, the rest from products he helps pro-

Fantasies For Sale

If Walter Mitty, the daydream-daredevil, were alive and wealthy, he could act out all his athletic fantasies. All he'd have to do is pay the price, slip into the proper uniform and take on the giants. For instance:

Golf vs. Arnold Palmer—Put up \$10,000, and Arnie will show up at your club, prepared to go 18 holes with you and throw in a clinic for your friends. Jack Nicklaus and Lee Trevino are available at roughly the same rate, if you prefer awesome drives or a stream of wise-cracks. For \$5,000 to \$7,500, Gary Player or Chi Chi Rodriguez will provide company and competition.

Football with Joe Namath—If you'd like Joe Namath to spend an afternoon tossing button-hooks and down-and-outs to you, his lawyer says he'll do it—for \$25,000. The price seems a little high, but the number of passes left in Namath's arm may be limited. If, instead of catching his passes, you'd rather try sacking Namath, the price is probably much higher.

Basketball vs. Earl Monroe—For \$5,000, according to Earl the Pearl's business manager, Monroe

will go one-on-one against you, showing off all his dazzling moves. "We have to take into consideration the fact Earl might get hurt," says the adviser, "and he could be embarrassed if he loses. It's not like your normal little speech at the Rotarians."

Hockey vs. Bernie Parent—Hockey's new Mr. Zero, co-holder of the Vezina Trophy for yielding the fewest goals in the NHL last year, will allow himself to be your target for \$1,000. If you want a bargain, Parent is probably willing to give you a turn for \$500, provided his teammate, Dave Schultz, is allowed to intimidate you.

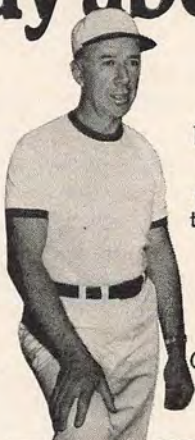
Bowl vs. Don Carter—The greatest bowler ever will come out of retirement, just to match strikes and spares with you, if you put up \$2,500. You can take on the current champion, Don McCune, for \$1,000.

Harness Racing—Del Miller, the world's most successful trainer, says, "I teach my friends to drive for nothing." His friends include Arnold Palmer, who will, in turn, play golf with Del Miller for nothing. Such bargains are rare.

Here's what the guys who take care of the world's most expensive feet have to say about sports socks.

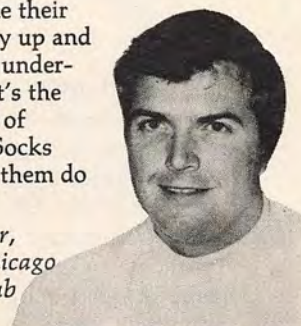


"When a football player quickly changes direction, great pressure is put on the foot. A good sport sock has to cradle the foot. The way the All Sports Socks do."
Dominic Gentile,
Trainer, Green Bay Packers

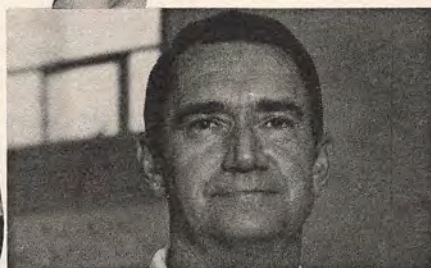


"I look for real absorbency. On those blistering August days sweat can loosen an athlete's footing. I like the absorbency they've built into these All Sports Socks. It gives a player sure footing."
Joe Romo,
Trainer, Oakland Baseball Club

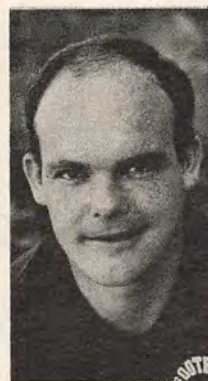
"Players like their socks to stay up and look neat. I understand that it's the special knit of All Sports Socks that makes them do just that."
Skip Thayer,
Trainer, Chicago Hockey Club



"Quick stops. Quick starts. That skate shoe must fit. So the socks must have the right elasticity to fit right. I find the All Sports skate sock is knit just that way."
Tommy Woodcock,
Trainer, St. Louis Blues Hockey Club



"Football is a running game. Players need socks that are soft and bouncy, without any abrasion. Like the way Burlington makes the All Sports Socks."
Bobby Gunn,
Trainer, Houston Football Club

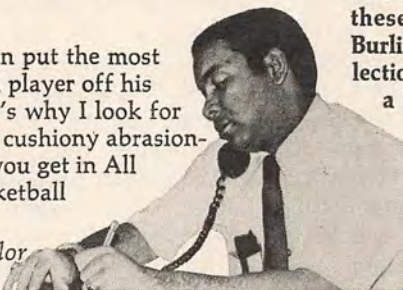


"Socks today are better than when I started out. They absorb better. They fit better. They cushion better. Burlington Socks/Adler has led the way in making socks better."
Johnny Omohundro
Trainer, St. Louis Football Club



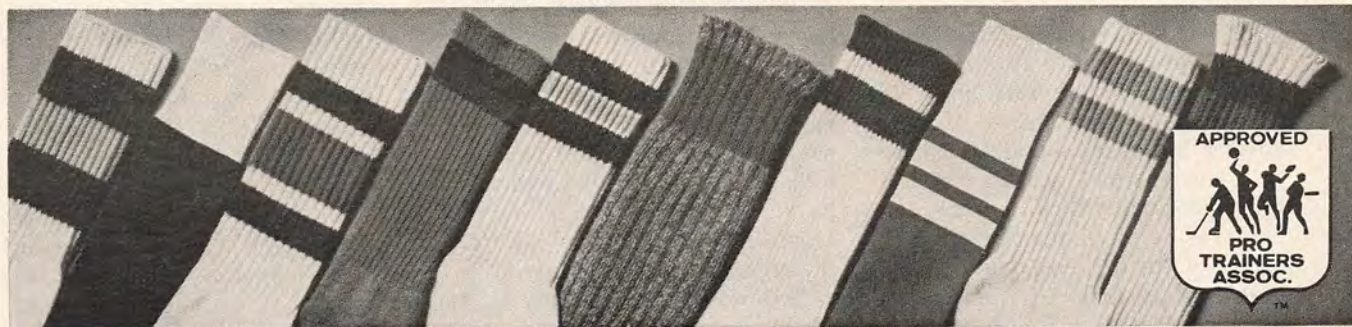
"Those wooden floors are murder on a ball player's feet. Socks have to do a good job of cushioning the foot from shock. Like the All Sports basketball socks."
Fritz Massman,
Trainer, N.Y. Nets

"Blisters can put the most intense ball player off his game. That's why I look for the kind of cushiony abrasion-resistance you get in All Sports basketball socks."
Buddy Taylor
Trainer, North Carolina Basketball Club



The Pro Trainers Association to which these men belong has approved the Burlington Socks/Adler All Sports Collection as their official socks. That means a lot to us. But it means even more to you. It means a sock as finely designed as your tennis racquet, your bowling ball or your five-iron. The All Sports Collection "Sports Equipment for Your Feet," whatever your favorite sport.

© Burlington Industries, Inc. 1974



The Trainer's Choice™
Burlington Socks/Adler All Sports Collection™

Burlington Socks/Adler, a division of Burlington Industries at Burlington House, New York, N.Y. 10019. Also available in Canada.

Richest Athlete

CONTINUED

mote. And while harness racing is still considered a country-bumpkin sport by many hard-core sports fans, it has produced not only Del Miller, but also Herve Filion, a peripatetic French-Canadian who often drives 16 races a day, taking his private plane to two tracks in the same day. Filion's horses earn over \$2 million a year, and while the driver normally gets a five percent commission and the trainer another five percent, Filion not only is the trainer-driver for most of his charges, but also part-owner. In order to get Filion to train a horse, the owner has to sell him at least a 25 percent share. Thus, Filion earns over half-a-million a year.

Another athlete approaching \$500,000 a year is Billie Jean King who, after defeating the Dirty Old Man in the Astrodome, became America's top woman athlete in visibility and earnings. Less than half of her income comes from tournament prize money. King's endorsements and appearances now add about \$300,000 a year to her earnings and while she may be passed in time by Chris Evert—who earned \$150,000 in the first six months of this year—Evert does not yet have the high-powered commercial ties that King benefits from.

In the U.S., strictly team sports have produced only two authentic millionaires, Bobby Orr and Wilt Chamberlain. But scores of other athletes in hockey, basketball, baseball and football are earning salaries that qualify them, by any standards, as being among the very rich. Most of them, however, haven't been rich for long. It is only in the last few years that large numbers of

U.S. athletes have annually earned \$100,000 or more. And it happened mostly because American fans—the people Doc Giffin fears might be dismayed by the prospect of athletes like Palmer getting all that money—demanded more sports.

There are now 120 teams in the major leagues of baseball, basketball, football and hockey. Ten years ago, there were fewer than 60. There are also new soccer, lacrosse, boxing and tennis leagues. Before team sports began burgeoning in the late 1960s, the average salary in the National Hockey League was about \$18,000. Now, it is close to \$50,000. During the same span, the National Basketball Association wage-earner has, on an average, quintupled his salary and now makes \$70,000. These two sports were especially affected by the spectre—and then reality—of rival leagues, leading to bidding wars. And the Rommels and Montgomerys who led the players in their campaigns for higher wages were the players' agents.

The sports agents were spawned by necessity. In the mid-1960s, it was simply enough for a wily general manager to give a 21-year-old a \$15,000 salary. When supply and demand suddenly made the kid worth \$100,000, well, it was obvious he needed professional guidance. And he was in a position to demand it. The era of the agents began hand-in-hand (or pocket) with the high-salaried stars.

Some agents like to exaggerate their clients' value. Others tend to make public purposely-low salary figures. The reasons vary, swayed by personal theories about what is or is not "good image" and by the extent of their concerns about the Internal Revenue Service; Ted Williams, for example, had to consistently explain to the IRS that he really wasn't earning the \$125,000 the Red Sox announced they were paying him. It is possible, therefore, that the following figures may be slightly low or high, but here, according to the players' agents, are the other top earners in sports:

Football—With Johnny Unitas' retirement, Joe Namath stands

alone—for this year. His last salary was \$250,000, making him the only player currently earning more than \$200,000. But next year, Larry Csonka will take over with a \$300,000 annual windfall for five-years, when he jumps from the Miami Dolphins to the Memphis Southmen of the World Football League.

Baseball—For pure salary, the Chicago White Sox' Dick Allen has become the highest-paid baseball player ever—\$230,000 a year. Hank Aaron and Carl Yastrzemski are next at \$200,000. But Aaron also gets another \$200,000 from Magnavox. Tom Seaver earns \$170,000 from the Mets and grosses another \$100,000 for endorsements and for publishing a different book every year.

Bowling—The top bowler in the country last year, Don McCune, earned \$60,000. But such grand old names as Dick Weber and Don Carter regularly earn over \$100,000 because of their endorsements of balls and gloves.

Tennis—Rod Laver and Stan Smith are both in the \$500,000 class annually, much of the money coming from business ventures connected with the sport.

Hockey—Brad Park of the New York Rangers is the only player earning more than \$200,000 a year in the sport. That's right, he gets more than Bobby Orr, who signed a long-term deal just before the WHA started and who missed out on the benefits that accrue to those who threaten to jump leagues. Orr and his Boston Bruins' teammate, Phil Esposito, are the wealthiest players in terms of net worth, however, and their gross incomes from all revenues exceed anyone else's; each collects \$600,000 annually, including Orr's \$180,000 salary and Esposito's \$160,000. "Two years from now," says Orr's adviser, Alan Eagleson, "when his contract is up, he'll command the highest salary in the history of sports."

All Bobby Orr will need then is his own line of clothes, his own line of equipment, his own chain of dry-cleaning stores and his own jet, to catch up to Arnold Palmer. ■



Monte Carlo Landau



1975 MONTE CARLO

We want our neatly sized Monte Carlo to make you feel good about your appearance, your driving, your financial judgment.

So, as in previous Monte Carlos, you will find in the 1975 Monte Carlo genuine good taste and impressive engineering.

You will also find something especially significant: an Efficiency System using no-lead fuel.

Chevrolet's new Efficiency System.

Our new Efficiency System is a series of significant improvements, all working together for the first time.

So the 1975 Monte Carlo *runs leaner*, meaning more economically; *runs cleaner*, meeting new emission standards; *saves you money every mile*.

Improved fuel economy.

With our new Efficiency System, new engine tuning and easy-rolling GM-Specification



radial ply tires, the standard 1975 Monte

IT RUNS LEANER. IT RUNS CLEANER. IT SAVES YOU MONEY EVERY MILE.

Carlo is designed to deliver improved fuel economy.

Surer starting.

Monte Carlo's High Energy Ignition delivers a spark that's up to 85% hotter than conventional ignition systems deliver.

So on cold or humid mornings, you can walk up to your Monte Carlo with greater confidence.

Faster warm-ups.

Early Fuel Evaporation is designed to reduce stall and chugging when



you first start out.

You can be on your way sooner and more smoothly.

Better performance.

Clearly, our 1975 Monte Carlo is designed to be a better performer than those of recent years.

And with emissions now controlled largely by

catalytic converters, Monte Carlo engines can perform smoothly, responsively, efficiently.

Fewer and simpler tune-ups.

Monte Carlo has no points, no ignition condenser to replace.

And spark plugs should now last up to 22,500 miles or more, instead of 6,000 miles.

In other words, tune-ups as you've known them will be simpler and further apart.

More miles between oil changes and chassis lube.

Monte Carlo's recommended service intervals are extended beyond last year's. Oil change—every 6 months or 7,500 miles (versus 4 months, 6,000 miles). Chassis lube—same as above. Oil filter change—first 7,500 miles, then every 15,000 miles (versus first 6,000, then every 12,000).

All that and cleaner air.

Monte Carlo's new catalytic converter reduces

exhaust hydrocarbons by almost 50% from 1974 levels and carbon monoxide by 46%.

So we can all breathe a little easier.



We'll keep adding to your knowledge.

While the engineering facts we have now support what we've told you, there'll be more later.

As we get deeper into the model year, we'll be able to report more specific information.

And as we expand our knowledge, we'll be able to expand yours.

Good taste, good driving, good judgment.

The 1975 Monte Carlo satisfies all three. So see it soon at your Chevrolet dealer's.

We think you'll feel good about Monte Carlo and yourself.

CHEVROLET MAKES SENSE FOR AMERICA

Chevrolet

SIX-FIGURE SPORTSMEN

Andy Brown is making more money each year than the first 34 Presidents of the United States earned. So are Bob Nash, Greg Joly and Ron Chipperfield, and if you've never heard of some of them, it's not important: Their bankers have.

They are members of a club that grows less exclusive every day, the organization of athletes who earn at least \$100,000 a year in straight salary. A recent survey puts the membership around 200, but new applicants keep popping up, armed with athletic credentials and business managers.

The following list is a breakdown by sports of the six-figure athletes, all prices and names subject to change:

BASEBALL

Atlanta Braves: Hank Aaron. **Baltimore Orioles:** Brooks Robinson, Dave McNally, Jim Palmer. **Boston Red Sox:** Carl Yastrzemski, Juan Marichal. **California Angels:** Frank Robinson. **Chicago Cubs:** Billy Williams. **Chicago White Sox:** Dick Allen, Wilbur Wood. **Cincinnati Reds:** Tony Perez, Johnny Bench, Pete Rose, Joe Morgan. **Cleveland Indians:** Gaylord Perry. **Detroit Tigers:** Al Kaline, Mickey Lolich. **Los Angeles Dodgers:** Don Sutton. **Kansas City Royals:** Amos Otis. **Milwaukee Brewers:** George Scott. **New York Mets:** Tom Seaver. **New York Yankees:** Bobby Murcer. **Oakland A's:** Reggie Jackson, Sal Bando. **Philadelphia Phillies:** Steve Carlton. **Pittsburgh Pirates:** Willie Stargell, Dave Giusti. **St. Louis Cardinals:** Bob Gibson, Lou Brock, Claude Osteen, Joe Torre. **San Diego Padres:** Willie McCovey. **Montreal Expos:** Willie Davis. **Texas Rangers:** Ferguson Jenkins.

BASKETBALL

(N.B.A.) Atlanta: Lou Hudson. **Boston:** Jo Jo White, John Havlicek, Dave Cowens. **Buffalo:** Ernie DiGregorio, Jack Marin, Jim McMillian, Bob McAdoo. **Chicago:** Bob Love, Chet Walker, Nate Thurmond, Jerry Sloan. **Cleveland:** Jim Chones, Austin Carr, Jim Brewer. **Detroit:** Bob Lanier, Dave Bing, Curtis Rowe, Bob Nash. **Golden State:** Jeff Mullins, Rick Barry, Cliff Ray. **Houston:** Ed Ratleff, Rudy Tomjanovich, Calvin Murphy, Cliff Meely. **K.C.-Omaha:** Ken Durrett, Sam Lacey, Ron Behagen, Jimmy Walker, Nate Archibald. **Los Angeles:** Gail Goodrich, Jerry West, Connie Hawkins, Cazzie Russell, Kermit Washington, Bill Bridges, Elmore Smith. **Milwaukee:** Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Bob Dandridge, Lucius Allen, Gary Brokaw. **New Orleans:** Jim Barnett, Walt Bellamy, Pete Maravich. **New York:** Howard Porter, Walt Frazier, Willis Reed, Earl Monroe, Bill Bradley. **Philadelphia:** Doug Collins, Leroy Ellis. **Phoenix:** Keith Erickson, Neal Walk, Dick Van Arsdale, Mike Bantom, Charlie Scott, John Shumate. **Portland:** Geoff Petrie, Sidney Wicks, LaRue Martin, Bill Walton. **Seattle:** John Brisker, Fred Brown, Archie Clark, John Hummer, Spencer Haywood, Tom Burleson. **Washington:** Nick Weatherpoon, Wes Unseld, Phil Chenier, Elvin Hayes. **(A.B.A.) Denver:** Bobby Jones, Ralph Simpson. **Indiana:** George McGinnis, Len Elmore. **Kentucky:** Dan Issel, Artis Gilmore. **Memphis:** Mel Daniels. **New York:** Larry Kenon, Julius Erving. **St. Louis:** Billy Cunningham, Joe Caldwell, Marvin Barnes. **San Antonio:** George Gervin, Swen Nater. **San Diego:** Wilt Chamberlain. **Utah:** Jimmy Jones, Zelmo Beaty, Rick Mount, Willie Wise, Moses Malone. **Virginia:** Johnny Neumann.

FOOTBALL

(N.F.L.) Baltimore: Marty Domres. **Buffalo:** O.J. Simpson. **Dallas:** Roger Staubach. **Denver:** Floyd Little, Charlie Johnson. **Detroit:** Greg Landry. **Green Bay:** John Brockington. **Houston:** Dan Pastorini. **Kansas City:** Otis Taylor, Len Dawson. **Los Angeles:** John Hadl. **Miami:** Jake Scott, Bob Griese, Jim Mandich, Larry Little, Mercury Morris. **Minnesota:** Fran Tarkenton. **New Orleans:** Archie Manning. **New York Giants:** Ron Johnson, John Hicks (including bonus). **New York Jets:** Carl Barzilauskas (including bonus), Joe Namath. **Oakland:** Fred Biletnikoff. **Philadelphia:** Roman Gabriel. **Pittsburgh:** Terry Bradshaw. **Washington:** Charlie Taylor, Sonny Jurgensen, Billy Kilmer, Larry Brown. **(W.F.L.) Birmingham:** Charlie Harraway. **Chicago:** Virgil Carter.

HOCKEY

(N.H.L.) Atlanta: Phil Myre. **Boston:** Ken Hodge, Phil Esposito, Bobby Orr. **Buffalo:** Gil Perreault. **Chicago:** Dick Redmond, Dennis Hull, Stan Mikita, Keith Magnuson, Tony Esposito. **Detroit:** Red Berenson, Mickey Redmond. **Kansas City:** Wilf Paiement. **Los Angeles:** Rogatien Vachon. **Minnesota:** Bill Goldsworthy, J.P. Parise, Cesare Maniago. **Montreal:** Yvan Cournoyer, Henri Richard, Pete Mahovlich, Jacques Laperriere, Ken Dryden, Jacques Lemaire. **New York Islanders:** Denis Potvin, Billy Harris. **New York Rangers:** Rod Gilbert, Brad Park, Jean Ratelle, Derek Sanderson, Walt Tkaczuk, Ed Giacomin. **Philadelphia:** Bobby Clarke, Rick MacLeish, Bernie Parent. **Pittsburgh:** Vic Hadfield. **St. Louis:** Garry Unger. **Toronto:** Ron Ellis, Dave Keon, Lanny McDonald, Norm Ullman. **Vancouver:** Dennis Ververgaert. **Washington:** Greg Joly. **(W.H.A.) Chicago:** Pat Stapleton, Ralph Backstrom, Dave Dryden. **Cleveland:** Gerry Cheevers. **Houston:** Gordie, Mark and Marty Howe. **Indianapolis:** Andy Brown. **Michigan:** Marc Tardif. **Minnesota:** Mike Walton. **Phoenix:** Cam Connor. **Toronto:** Frank Mahovlich, Paul Henderson, Vaclav Nedomansky. **Quebec:** J.C. Tremblay. **Vancouver:** Pat Price, Danny Lawson, John McKenzie, Ron Chipperfield. **San Diego:** Andre Lacrois. **Winnipeg:** Bobby Hull.

DYNAMITE OFFER!

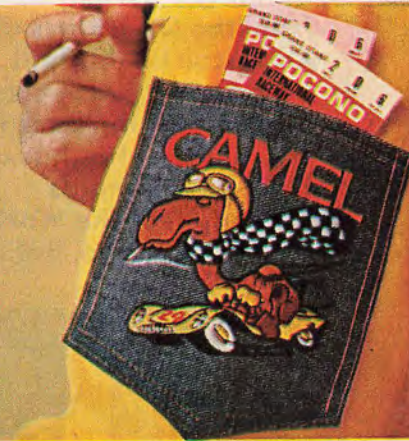
Embroidered denim pockets from Camel Filters. Each for only \$1.00 and two Camel Filters labels!



Sew on a tote bag



Jazz up your jeans



Sew on a jacket



Make an extra pocket



Hip up a hat



(For really good taste – add Camel Filters!)

No mere flat printed patches you iron on – but three beautiful embroidered, dimensional-design pockets – with no end of great, practical uses. Quantity is strictly limited. So hurry – send in the coupon below now!

Camel Filters & Denim Pockets.

They're not for everybody (but they could be for you).

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

I would like the following pocket(s). (INDICATE QUANTITY):



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Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I enclose \$1.00 and two Camel Filters end labels  for each pocket. Mail to: CAMEL FILTERS Denim Pockets, P.O. Box 2206, Reidsville, North Carolina 27322.

Send check or money order only, payable to CAMEL FILTERS Denim Pockets. Offer available only to persons 21 years of age or older. Offer good in U.S.A. only, except where prohibited, licensed or taxed. Offer good until January 31, 1975 or while supply lasts. Allow 6 weeks for delivery.

F

In the age of the affluent athlete, the "million-dollar" contract has become almost as common as the athletic supporter. Moses Malone, a teenager from Virginia, has a "million-dollar" contract from the Utah Stars of the American Basketball Association; Larry Csonka, an All-Pro running back for the Miami Dolphins, has one from the Memphis Southmen of the World Football League. But less

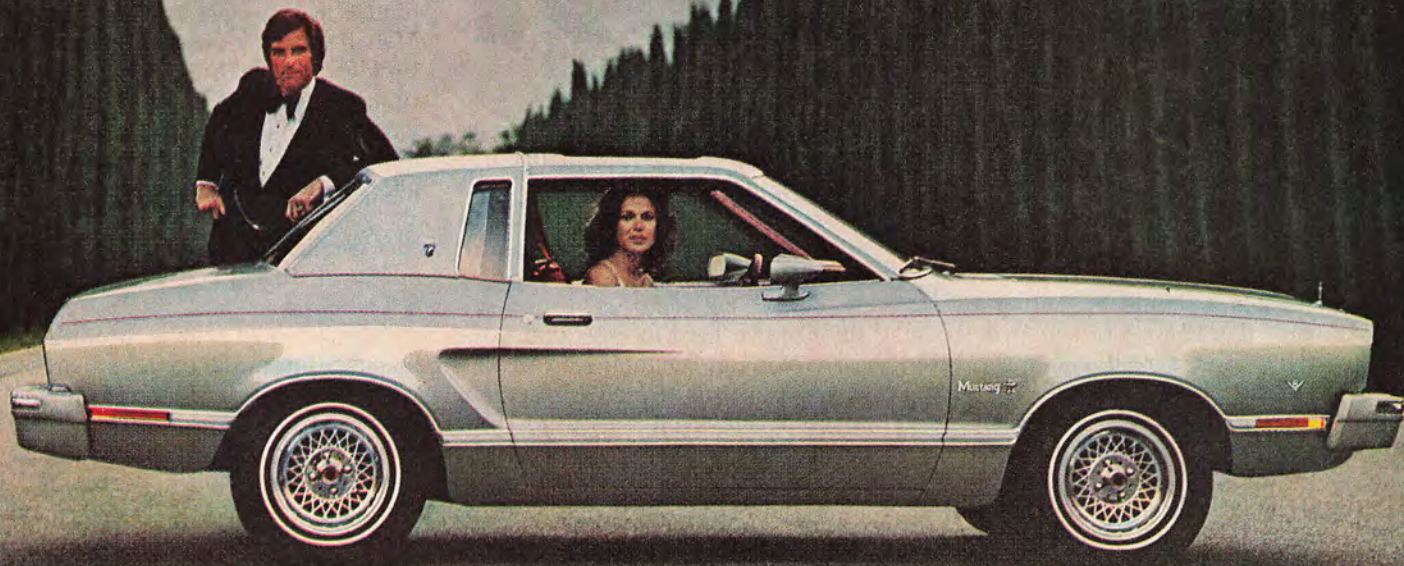
than a decade ago, no athlete had a million-dollar contract from any professional team. John Brodie of the San Francisco 49ers got the first—well, it was *almost* a million—and Brodie tells how he got it in the following excerpt from his autobiography, *Open Field*.

BY JOHN BRODIE
AND
JAMES D. HOUSTON

After the 1965 season, I knew my own stock should be going up. I had made All-Pro. I had set an NFL record for passes completed in a single season (242), and had the highest career pass-completion average of any pro quarterback in history (57 percent). And it must be said every working quarterback was intensely aware of the then fantastic sum offered to Joe Namath just the previous year. As a rookie from the University of Alabama joining the New York Jets, Joe had signed for a reputed \$400,000 for three years. I can assure you, this starts a man thinking.

THE FIRST “MILLION DOLLAR” CONTRACT

Introducing the Ford Mustang II Silver Ghia.



MUSTANG II GHIA



Cranberry interior with crushed velour seating area.



Last year Mustang II outsold all its so-called "competition" combined. And the success car of '74 is doing it again in 1975. We've made Mustang II more exciting than ever.

The Special Silver Ghia. Pictured above is a magnificent expression of the Mustang II success story. The Mustang II Ghia with optional Silver

Luxury Group.

We believe we have created a small car classic. The level of style and luxury is uncommonly high.

The body lines flow gracefully over a rich silver metallic finish. Note, too, the classic half vinyl roof, opera windows and the dramatic moon-roof option—a one-way window to the world.

The interior is every bit as special as the exterior: body-contoured bucket seats, the seating area a rich cranberry crushed velour; thick carpeting, even carpeting in the trunk; an instrument panel framed in burled walnut wood-tone trim; tachometer; a quartz crystal digital clock.

Impressive List of Standard Features.

The Mustang II Silver Ghia, in common with the entire Mustang II family, comes with a 4-speed transmission, front disc brakes, rack and pinion steering, gas-saving steel-belted radials and solid state ignition, standard.

More Exciting Choices Than Ever.



This year, you can personalize your Mustang II Ghia with such options as the newly available 302 V-8, or you can choose from two other gas-stingy engines: a standard overhead cam 4 or optional V-6. Other options shown include cast aluminum spoke wheels, moon-roof, automatic transmission, AM-FM stereo radio.

Look close at Ford Mustang II for '75. Ghia, 2-door hardtop, 3-door 2+2 and Mach 1. Ford's small personal luxury cars. See them at your local Ford Dealer.



A dramatic option: the moon-roof.

The closer you look, the better we look.

FORD MUSTANG II

FORD DIVISION



CONTRACT

CONTINUED

Here I was, with nine years in the game, and barely making a fourth of that.

When I met that spring with Lou Spadia, the 49ers owner, to discuss my new contract, I told him I thought I should be getting a raise, and that \$80,000 sounded about right. Lou agreed about the raise, but not about the figure. He offered me \$55,000, with some incentive bonuses, and I said I'd like ten days to think it over. It was all very friendly. Lou and I have almost always been able to talk in an open and friendly way.

That's where things stood the day Don Klosterman called me from Houston in May of 1966, saying he and Bud Adams, owner of the Oilers, had something they wanted to talk over with me. Houston was at that time part of the American Football League, and the AFL was raiding NFL teams mercilessly—much like the emerging World Football League began to do eight years later, in the spring of 1974. It was this feud, between the solidly established NFL and the young, aggressive AFL, that had led to unprecedented six-figure contracts like the ones Namath and a few others had already signed. When Klosterman called I did not know yet that Al Davis, the AFL commissioner, had escalated this feud into open warfare. Neither did I know that while Davis was hatching a scheme to steal half the NFL's quarterbacks, other men in other offices in the football power structure were trying to head off a crippling price war by arranging a merger between the two rival leagues. I only knew that I couldn't lose anything by listening to what Klosterman had to say because Don was a man I had known and respected for almost ten years. He'd been general manager of pro

teams in San Diego and Kansas City. I had always associated him with good, solid situations. Now Klosterman was calling from his new office, as general manager of the Oilers.

"John," he said, "we're in a position down here to offer you some cash. We can set things up so that if you want to, all you'll ever have to do is play golf and drink beer and gamble."

I laughed. I enjoyed the sound of that. I was also reminded of stories I'd heard about other players who had signed with Houston in recent years. They would be offered a car a year, or two cars a year, and a ranch somewhere in Texas. Then something would go wrong. The player wouldn't make the team, and the cars and the ranches would all end up in litigation, and the player would be broke. I had heard that one guy signed with the Oilers in exchange for 300 head of cattle.

But because it was Klosterman, I agreed to fly down there for a conversation.

Before he hung up, he asked, "Where do you stand with the 49ers? How long is your contract?"

"I've got an option clause to play out the coming season," I said, and then added, "I'd love to come down there, but I have to tell you, I'm going to inform the people here of what I'm doing."

Don said that was fine with him, and we set a date.

I went to Lou, told him what was up, and asked him where he planned to be for the next week. He said he was flying up to Portland, if I needed to reach him. I then talked to Bill Johnson, and to Jack Christiansen, the head coach, who didn't much like the sound of it. But about all he could say was,

"Well, John, you've got to do what you're going to do. As long as we've discussed it—okay—you'll do what you're going to do."

That night I happened to have dinner with a close friend of mine, Melville "Sonny" Marx, a securities broker and partner in the San Francisco firm of J. Barth and Company. Sonny and I had a lot in common. We both liked golf, and horse racing, and games of every sort. Sonny was about 55, an experienced businessman whose opinion I trusted and whose integrity I admired.

Now, I didn't have a business manager in those days, which relates to one of the reasons I was interested in Houston. I needed more money than I already had. I'd never been able to save much or invest it wisely. I was 31 and starting to feel the need to do something sensible and financially sound. You can't play football forever. I told Sonny that if anything came of this, I did not want to be in Houston alone. I asked him if he would come along.

"We can get in a lot of golf down there," I offered. "Three days of golf, on the Oilers."

"I'll tell you what," he said. "I have a horse running at Hollywood Park. If you'll fly to the track with me, we'll root my horse in, and we'll fly on to Houston from Los Angeles."

That's how it worked out. Sonny came along, purely as a friend, and as a kind of counselor, and I was thankful he did. There was no way I could have been prepared for what Don and Bud Adams had to say.

Soon after we checked into the Warwick Hotel, they came up to our room. Don was about 35 then, his broad freckled face grinning eagerly. Adams was a little older, a little taller, a good deal rounder. He is a Texas oil man who bought himself a football franchise when the AFL first organized in 1960. He wore leather boots, a string tie, a cowboy hat. It didn't take him long to get to the point. The American Football League was willing to pay



The Copperhead.

(Smirnoff and gingerale.)

We wondered recently how come we'd mixed Smirnoff with so many fancy juices but studiously avoided plain old gingerale. Maybe because our parents had mixed gingerale with everything, we were rebelling.

Anyway, we did it. We mixed Smirnoff and gingerale, added a squeeze of lime to make it our own, and named it the Copperhead—a lively drink with a bite.



To make a Copperhead, pour 1½ oz. of Smirnoff into a tall glass with ice. Add 4 oz. of gingerale, a squeeze of lime and stir.

Smirnoff

leaves you breathless®

CONTRACT

CONTINUED

me \$500,000 to play quarterback with the Houston Oilers for three years.

I seemed to be very cool, hearing this offer, because it wasn't real to me. The figure was so preposterous at first, it just didn't mean anything. Half a million dollars! This put Joe Namath in the shade, and every other athlete I had ever heard of, on any playing field, in

any country in the world.

I sat there trying to look cool. Sonny was cool. He told Bud I should be getting at least a million. Bud was surprised by this, but not too disturbed. They started to bargain. Bud had ideas for various kinds of fringe benefits: A Dodge dealership in the Houston area, immediate entry into a high-class country club. They finally settled

on a compromise figure of \$750,000, and Sonny said, "Let's see how that looks on paper."

A cocktail napkin was lying on the table. Adams scribbled on it, *The AFL agrees to pay John Brodie \$250,000 a season for three seasons.* We all signed the napkin and agreed that was sufficient for the time being.

Realizing my next step was to get in touch with the 49ers, I said, "I don't want to play games with anybody, and start some kind of a bidding war. But I have to give them a chance to match this offer."

Adams said he wouldn't advise waiting too long to close the thing. So with him and Klosterman and Sonny Marx listening in, I called Lou Spadia in Portland, where he had gone to attend his son's graduation from college.

He was hit between the eyes. "Christ, John! I can't believe that!"

I understood his feeling. I still couldn't believe it myself. I said, "Lou, I have signed this agreement, subject to your meeting it. I'm obligated not to settle for less because it wouldn't be fair to these guys who are making me this offer. And it wouldn't be fair to me because it's too much money to turn down. You don't have to top it, Lou. If you can match it, I'll stay with San Francisco."

Lou still couldn't believe it. He told me to sit tight, and he would send Jack White, the general manager, down there to check this out. I said, "Okay, we'll wait, Lou. But these guys want a decision within eight hours."

Jack White caught the next plane out of San Francisco, flew in to Houston, raced to the Warwick by cab, studied the napkin, and verified all the terms with Adams and Klosterman. Then he called Lou in Portland.

"It's true, Lou, it's accurate, and they are ready to do it."

Lou, who by this time had sat through his son's graduation in such a distracted state he had missed



The war between the NFL and the AFL left many casualties, but John Brodie came through it with a lot of scratch.

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CONTINUED

most of the ceremony, told us all once again to sit tight. I knew he was stalling, and I regretted having to put him in such a bind. I could see no way he was going to match that kind of money. The eight-hour deadline passed, with no more word from the West Coast. I figured that was the end of it. I went to sleep assuming I had signed with the Houston Oilers for three-quarters of a million.

Next morning, Adams and Klosterman were back up in our hotel room. I said it was nice to be seeing my new employers this early in the day. Don's natural enthusiasm had dimmed. He smiled tentatively and said, yes, it was good to see us too and although a couple of problems had come up, we would be able to handle those and then everything would indeed be fine. I said, "What kind of problems?"

Bud Adams suggested that he and I step into the adjoining room. I remember saying, "There's nothing I have to hide, and if there is nothing you have to hide, why don't we just throw it all out where we can all look at it?" But Bud was insistent, so Sonny said I'd better go along with him and see what Bud had on his mind.

I brought my putter and a golf ball with me into the bedroom. I had been looking forward to playing a lot of golf in Houston; so had Sonny. Now we found ourselves trapped inside the hotel. Bud and Don were adamant that we "not be seen anywhere around town." By that morning, I was getting restless. I felt like practicing my putts. While Bud warmed to his topic, I started knocking short ones up against the bedroom wall.

"John," he said at last, "do you think you would possibly be interested in a fulltime Dodge dealer-

ship here in Houston?"

I missed my golf ball completely. I looked over at him. "What in the hell are you talking about?"

"Since last night a couple of things have come up, John, and it may be that you'll be back in San Francisco after all. But I know we can work out the arrangements to be satisfactory to everybody. . . ."

I said, "Whoa there, Bud. I don't want to talk about any Dodge dealership. I can hardly drive a car, let alone sell one. I'm a ballplayer. I came down here to talk about playing football."

He kept on about this Dodge dealership as if it were already a fact of life, while I kept thinking about those other players I'd heard of who had come to Houston expecting ranches and cattle herds. I put my putter down and said we ought to go back out into the other room.

Don and Sonny were sitting there looking at each other. I asked Don what was going on. He and Bud muttered and cleared their throats and finally Don said their hands were tied.

I said, "Look. I signed an agreement with you guys, which has already created a certain loss of affinity with my former employer. I don't much care to fly back tomorrow and say, 'Hey, I made a little mistake, but that's all cleared up now, and here I am.'"

Don said something to the effect that Bud had been up all night getting calls from other owners and that in the last 12 hours everything had changed. "The leagues are getting ready to merge," he said. "It's happening a lot sooner than we thought. If we sign you now, it will foul up the merger."

"But didn't we make a deal?" I asked.

Don said we did.

"And we all signed that cocktail napkin?"

Don said we had, but he just couldn't say much more about it at the moment.

"Well, let me ask you this," I said. "If it gets down to the nut cutting, you'll say what happened, right?"

"Right."

He knew that I knew that, and that I knew he was in a tight squeeze himself; and I trusted him to fill me in sooner or later.

Meanwhile Adams had started talking to Sonny about the make-up of football players, how you might reach an agreement with one of them but you know how they will rescind a contract and not fulfill their obligations, and thus when you're dealing with players it's a special kind of business; contracts are made and broken all the time in the football world, and this has become an acceptable kind of procedure.

Sonny said, "Well, in my business it's not an acceptable procedure, and I don't think it's acceptable to John."

"As far as I'm concerned," I said, "we have an agreement. I couldn't go back on my word, and I wouldn't expect you to go back on yours."

Adams said, "All right. I am a man of my word. Don't worry. We'll be getting back to you."

That's where it stood when they left the hotel room, saying they'd be getting back to us. As soon as the door was shut, Sonny said, "Pack your bag." He was ready to leave anyway. Hiding out in the hotel was costing him money; he had already lost \$32 in domino games. We flew out of Houston that afternoon.

About a week later, the AFL and the NFL announced that they had merged. A reporter called me to ask what I thought of this. I told him that as far as I was concerned I had signed a binding agreement with the American Football League and where it went from here was their problem.

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"Their problem" was a large one. The fact that the offer had come from the league, rather than from the Houston team itself, was at the center of it. Al Davis had taken over as commissioner of the AFL just that April, and immediately he put together a war chest of a few million dollars with the specific goal of strengthening the AFL and weakening the NFL by seducing away as many of its top players as possible, especially the quarter-

backs. I found out later that several other men besides myself had been ready to sign, when the red flag went up. The crazy thing was—and this just indicates how divided the feeling was among the men who controlled the football business—serious merger talk among various owners had begun just about the time Al Davis took over the league and started his raiding campaign.

It has been said that the offer

made to me somehow forced the merger. This isn't really true. It was typical of what was forcing the leagues together. But mainly it was a matter of lucky timing. Lucky for me. While I was down there in the Warwick Hotel, all the merger talk was coming to a head; other men in other cities were talking just as fast, trying to reach an agreement before the talent war got entirely out of control.

The merger announcement ended that war, which meant all the quarterbacks who'd been ready to defect were expected to go back to their teams and forget it. Somehow, the other players who had been approached were either paid

John Brodie is not known as a scrambling type of quarterback, but he and his lawyers ended up making some slick moves.



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off or kept quiet, or ignored. My case was the only one to gain wide attention. I believe there were two reasons for this. First, the timing. Two or three days more, and there wouldn't have been an offer. Second, the openness of the conversation. If I had gone to Houston myself, if I had dealt secretly with Adams, his offer might never have left that hotel room. As it turned out, we had nothing *but* the talk to base our claim on. There was no material evidence. The cocktail napkin we signed never left Houston. It never left the Warwick Hotel. I lost it. "Man, ain't you a dilly!" Sonny chided. He almost hit me with his suitcase. But he had heard the offer. The 49ers management had heard and seen the terms. I give credit to Don and Bud Adams; they never hedged. They honored the whole deal. To this day I don't know if they were aware that the napkin itself had disappeared, but it seemed like a good idea to keep quiet on that subject at the time.

Back in California, I consulted with my brother Bill, a lawyer in Palo Alto. He, too, had flown to Houston, soon after Jack White did, to observe the proceedings. Sonny suggested to Bill and me that we might do well to get in touch with John Elliott "Doc" Cook, the ablest attorney he knew and a specialist in corporate and anti-trust law. Doc was about 67 then and supposedly retired, but still a very active man. He agreed to listen to the details. We tape-recorded everything that had happened. Doc asked me if I thought my position was clean. I said I thought it was. He then said if we wanted him to be involved, he would do whatever he could to assist us. And that's the way it developed; from then on, he

and Bill worked together. Doc took the position that it wasn't fair to make an offer like that to a player and then have it nullified by a high-level power-struggle. He agreed to handle my case—Brodie vs. the whole football establishment—and his first demand was for a million dollars plus legal fees.

This was in June. Training camp would be starting in not too many weeks. Doc advised me to say nothing to anyone, and in fact suggested it would be an excellent idea if I just took my family and disappeared for awhile, get away from the football scene entirely. So I took Sue and our four kids over to the windward side of Oahu. We took a beach cottage there, overlooking a lagoon. It was so remote and out of the way that the only people who found us were Don Klosterman, Y. A. Tittle, and a photographer.

Don flew over to find out where I stood personally in the matter. I made clear to him what he really knew ahead of time: I had put everything into Doc Cook's hands and was letting him handle it now. Don came representing not the Oilers, and not the AFL, but both leagues. Having merged, they now shared the common problem of Doc Cook's demand. It included the threat of an anti-trust suit, which was something the leagues could not afford just then, financially or legally. Financially, it could treble the damages. Legally, the very existence of such a suit might hold up government approval of their merger.

Meanwhile, Tittle chased me down and put a call through from the mainland. His first concern was whether or not all this was going to affect my football game. If anyone understood how you can get

mangled in the machinery, it was Tittle. "John," he said, "I don't know all the specifics of this deal, but when it gets straightened out, get your ass back here. Don't let those people screw you."

I appreciated that kind of support. I needed it. Everyone else was looking at the money. But I was also thinking about the team and about the start of training camp. After all the smoke cleared, I was still going to be a quarterback, and it was that time of year when you start getting in shape for the new season, a habit not easily broken once you get into it. Doc told me to sit tight a while longer, that a settlement was near. So I did. But I was getting tired of sitting tight. I didn't like it. I'd had enough legal strategy. I was squirming to play football.

Early in August, Doc, and Lou Spadia, and Pete Rozelle, commissioner of the merged leagues, reached an agreement I was glad to accept. Doc said the leagues' liability was such that I could get even more if I waited awhile longer, perhaps a month or two. I didn't want to wait another month or two. I didn't want to miss another day of training camp. Why hold out for more when the settlement gave me what I felt I was due at that point—that is, what the AFL had agreed to in May. Part of it would be paid during the next three seasons, and the rest after I finished playing football. It would come to me through the 49ers office, but everyone knew a good portion was being coughed up by all the other clubs in both leagues. During the next couple of years, I heard more than one owner complain about having to pay money to the quarterback his team was supposed to be trying to beat. I didn't worry about that too much. I figured it was an owner's problem, not a player's problem.

Together with legal fees, the total came to \$910,000. I've been told that this deal set a record, that at the time it was the largest amount of money ever offered to a professional athlete. ■

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He's got a nose for trucks.
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He takes the measure of the payload. He'd better. A man who'd rather drive a truck than a car doesn't leave his wheels at some parking lot all day. He works his truck like he works himself. He spends a big chunk of his day in it. He grows attached to it almost by the seat of his pants.

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So he finds a lot of comfort in the Electronic Ignition. What it does is very simple. It eliminates points and condenser. That means fewer tune-ups and surer starts.

The man who'd rather drive a truck than a car has another rare characteristic: he doesn't head for the highway to get away from his kids. He likes to have them around.

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A prominent athlete, who is struggling to get by on \$50,000 a year; was sitting in a Boston bar one recent night, reflecting upon the fact that the world's richest athlete, Arnold Palmer, is worth more than \$10 million. "Gee," he wondered, "what can you do with ten million dollars?"

A pretty blonde standing nearby overheard the question. She turned, smiled and offered the perfect answer. "Anything you want," she said. "Anything you want."

As F. Scott Fitzgerald knew, the athletically gifted are different from you and me. They have more money. This affluence does not dim their image as fantasy figures; it merely reinforces the image. If the ten-year-old dreams of having Joe Namath's arm, the 25-year-old dreams of having Namath's duplex, Namath's women, Namath's endorsements. It was Namath who, in a television commercial, once suggested, "If you've got it, flaunt it."

You might call that Namath's Law,

and even though Namath himself usually violates the slogan, many athletes vigorously obey it. Walt Frazier, Derek Sanderson and Earl Monroe, for instance, all own Rolls-Royces, the flagrant symbol of luxury pictured on the cover of this month's SPORT. But, curiously, none of the three athletes pictured on the cover—Palmer, Namath and Wilt Chamberlain—owns a Rolls, although Wilt comes close, with a Bentley.

In fact, the two richest athletes in the world—Palmer and Pele, the Brazilian soccer star—have spent most of their lengthy careers deliberately not living up to Namath's Law, which may help explain why (a) their net worths are so high and (b) their careers have lasted so long.

Palmer, who grew up around the Latrobe Country Club in Western Pennsylvania where his father was the greenskeeper, now lives in a small white house adjacent to that same course. He lives almost as if he were a club pro rather than a touring pro. There are few luxuries around; the marks of his success are medals and trophies, not diamonds and limousines. The coffee table in his living room features medals he has won, encased in a wood base.

Up the road from the house, Arnie owns a small office building where a secretary and a publicity assistant, Doc Giffin, share space with him. In the basement of that building is a workshop where Arnie spends hours hammering away at golf clubs.

Palmer's wife, Winnie, has at times complained to their friends about what a loner he is and how he immerses himself totally in golf. "Arnie's greatest pleasure is going out in the backyard and hitting three-irons at a tree," says Bob Drum, a friend of Palmer's.

His only obvious luxury is the \$750,000 jet he owns and flies from tournament to tournament. But even that is something he has purchased to make it easier to play golf.

Basically, Palmer has used his money to purchase a life of simplicity. This is obvious in everything he does. Norm Moomjian, the owner of Copain, a New York restaurant specializing in French food, says that his chef got very excited one night when he heard Palmer had come in for dinner. "But when Arnie just ordered a steak and mashed pota-

Arnold Palmer's \$750,000 plane gets him to tournaments; Wilt Chamberlain's \$1.5 million mansion keeps him happy at home.



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Though we've spoken at great length about Copeg Shoes, we didn't mean to overlook our style story. The photographs below say it best. They're but a sample of the many styles a man on the move can feel comfortable in and with.

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toes," Moomjian says, "my chef was so offended he refused to cook the meal."

Until recently, Pele lived with his family in a modest five-room apartment in Brazil. And his secretary claims he is very frugal and wants to be consulted before she writes even a \$3 or \$4 check. But Pele has just built himself a \$600,000 mansion with a 40-seat movie theater, a soccer field in the back yard and custom made doorknobs which he designed himself. He has four people working for him in the house and four cars occupying the garage. He has made Brazil's best-dressed list several times and spends \$1,000 a month for clothes. His hobby is collecting watches and he has over 400 of them.

Still, he insists, "I have no time for glamor in my life. I am a common man who happens to have a lot of money."

There is nothing common about Wilt Chamberlain, not his size, not his talent, not his style of living. He has created an environment for himself that is as imposing as he is. In the Santa Monica mountains, overlooking the Bel Air section of Los Angeles, he has built himself a \$1.5 million home of redwood, glass and canyon stone.

The bedroom, Wilt's favorite room, contains a round bed covered in French black rabbit fur, set under a mirrored ceiling that opens up to reveal the California sky. A bedside control panel opens the ceiling and the front gate, reveals and revolves a color television set and triggers 280 gallons of water that will pour into a gold-tiled triangular bath tub. You can enter the house through a 14-foot triangular door flanked by two geysers and exit via a swimming pool that begins in the living room and flows onto the patio. One

hundred and seventy-five works of art adorn all the walls. The house is protected by three Great Danes named Thor, Odin and Careem.

The house reflects the personality of a man who feels he deserves to have the best. He has always been that way, says Al Bianchi, now the coach of the Virginia Squires but a teammate of Wilt's when he was with the Philadelphia 76ers. "When he became a star, his home town became too small for him," Bianchi says, "so he lived in New York and commuted to Philly by train. He came to every game in a \$400 silk suit.

has built for himself in Deer Lake, Pennsylvania. His hobby is collecting old fight films, each of which he has viewed hundreds of times. He also collects old fighters. Ike Williams and Kid Gavilan spent several weeks before the Foreman fight at Deer Lake. Ali picked up all their bills.

Ali's major weakness is automobiles. His most unusual vehicle is a \$40,000 bus, decorated like a living room, in which he transports his entourage. Recently, an aide answered the phone at Deer Lake, and when asked what car Ali is presently driving, replied, "Weil,

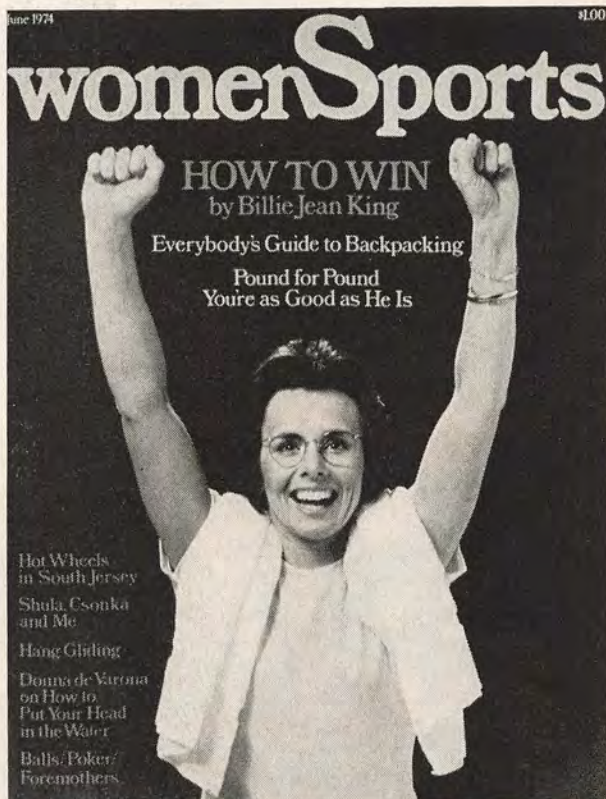
I'm standing here looking out my window and I see a Mark III, two limousines, an Ambassador, a Pinto, a Buick Electra and a Grand Prix. And not one belongs to nobody but the man."

Billie Jean King appears to lead the simplest life of all the wealthiest athletes. Her home is a small apartment in Emeryville, just across the Golden Gate Bridge from San Francisco. It is furnished with a bed, a desk, a fold-out couch, a stereo and one painting done by a friend with a spray gun. Her husband, Larry, drives a 1971 Mazda and she drives a Jensen Healey. She is also currently renting a townhouse in Philadelphia, because she plays World Team Tennis there, and buying a condominium at Hilton Head Island, because she represents Hilton Head on the tour. Her greatest luxury is her new magazine, *womenSports*.

If all the world's richest athletes—with the possible exception of Ali—have one thing in common, it is that at least part of their money is invested in something that should provide them with security for the rest of their lives.

Strangely, their wealth does not seem to have affected their style of living—Chamberlain would live flamboyantly even if his income were limited—only the extent to which they can indulge their style.

—MARTY BELL



When most people decide they want a magazine, they run to the corner and buy one; Billie Jean King started her own.

In order to make the late train back to New York after our games, he had to get dressed without showering. He used to slip those silk suits right over his sweaty body and flee."

Now that he says he is retiring from boxing, Muhammad Ali may change his lifestyle. But, like Palmer, he has put much of the money he has made so far back into his profession. His greatest luxury is the \$200,000 training camp he



A Tale Of One City's Two Quarterbacks

BY DAVID ISRAEL

The story of Virgil Carter and Bobby Douglass has never been told, except a few thousand times. It is the classic story of love and hate, of good and evil. It is the story of Cain and Abel, in cleats.

Not since Joe Namath and Fran Tarkenton paraded their egos concurrently on opposite sides of New York has one city contained two athletes so similar in their responsibilities, so different in their images.

Quarterback Virgil Carter of the Chicago Fire is the man every mother wants her son to become.

Quarterback Bobby Douglass of the Chicago Bears is the man every mother wants her daughter to beware.

It is December, 1969, a cold, miserable Sunday at Chicago's Wrigley Field. It has been a cold, miserable season for the Bears, who go into the game with a 1-11 record. They have been going through quarterbacks the way Charlie Finley goes through managers. Last week, they gave another quarterback on their list his first full shot of the season. The Bears lost, of course, but he passed for more than 300 yards. Today, coach Jim Dooley tells him, he has earned another full shot. He is going to play the full game.

First, George Halas drove Virgil Carter (top) away from the Bears; now he may be doing the same to Bobby Douglass.

But Virgil Carter plays only half the game, and afterward, he is not happy. He expresses his unhappiness to the press. He calls Jim Dooley a liar. Then he criticizes the quarterback coach, Sid Luckman. And then he takes his best shot: He criticizes a legend; he criticizes the man who built and owns the Bears; he criticizes George Halas. And he crams all his criticism into one word—a mild obscenity and an unforgettable indictment.

Baby-faced, soft-spoken, highly-educated, well-liked Virgil Carter calls George Halas "chickenshit." A million frustrated Chicagoans cheer.

The next Tuesday, Carter is fined \$1,000 and suspended. The next season, Carter is no longer a Chicago Bear.

That one little outburst established Virgil Carter's enduring position as a maligned hero in Chicago.

It is November, 1973, a cold, miserable Sunday in Chicago's Soldier Field. The Bears are moving toward the end of another cold, miserable, losing season. In the second quarter, against the Detroit Lions, Bobby Douglass, the Bears' starting quarterback since 1971, scrambles on a broken pass play. He picks up six yards. Then he is hit by two Lions. He goes down near the sidelines, hard. After the collision, the two Lions get up. But Douglass stays

down. He twists in pain, reaching for his left knee.

Finally, Douglass is helped up, and as he is guided toward the bench, a cheer comes out of the stands. It is not the customary cheer of appreciation for a courageous athlete. It is a cheer of joy, of jubilation, of victory. The football fans of Chicago are expressing their pleasure that Bobby Douglass is hurt.

Those cruel cheers symbolized Bobby Douglass' enduring position as a maligned villain in Chicago.

Now it is 1974, and the World Football League is struggling to provide a major-league alternative to the National Football League. In a year or two, once the mass of big-name NFL defectors shows up, the WFL should be a viable alternative. But right now it's big league in only a few ways: The teams fly on chartered jets, national TV shows off the product once a week—and Virg Carter plays for the Chicago Fire.

The Fire has been a winning team since the start of the first WFL season, and Carter is the main reason. More than that, with the White Sox, the Cubs and the Bears eliminated from their pennant races by early summer, Carter is the hottest sports property in Chicago. In fact, he's bigger than sports; he's as close as you can get to being Robert Redford if you live and work in Chicago.



Did you miss a button this morning?

Mennen **Pushbutton** Deodorant provides lasting protection against perspiration odor. And Pushbutton's fine mist dries instantly on contact.

Button up your underarm.



Quarterbacks

CONTINUED

Carter's appeal is simple: He is immensely likable. He is immensely likable despite the fact that he is perfect. He has always been perfect. Growing up in Sacramento, California, Virg was polite, kind, loyal, brave, trustworthy—in sum, impossible. When teachers needed to send someone on an errand, he always went. He probably volunteered. His homework was always in on time. He got straight A's. He never missed church.

From Sacramento, Virg went on to Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah. He was the starting quarterback for three years, and in

his senior year, he led the collegiate nation in total yardage. And he didn't even go to school on a football scholarship. He went on an academic scholarship. He was too smart for a football scholarship. And he was too small. Even today, as 29, he doesn't look as big as the six-foot-one, 185 pounds everyone gives him credit for. Carter graduated from BYU with straight A's—a 4.0 average—and was named the outstanding senior in the college of Physical Sciences and Engineering. That's physical SCIENCES, not physical education. Later, while he was playing pro football, Carter picked

up a master's degree from Northwestern, and now he's considering going back to get his Ph.D.

Another thing Virg did at BYU was get married. And he even did that according to the code handsome quarterbacks are supposed to live by. He married the BYU homecoming queen.

"You wanna hear a really corny story?" asks Judy Carter. "Well, we met on a football field. I was the homecoming queen, and we played a really big game, against Utah State, and when we won, all the cheerleaders ran on the field and hugged players. I found No. 14. I'd heard about him, but I'd never met him. 'Congratulations,' I said. 'We did it for you,' he said. I mean, is that one of the corny stories of all time. Ours is really a hotsy-totsy All-American story. We met after that, and even though Virg was hesitant because he was a sophomore and I was a junior, we started going out and got married." Perfect.

It was Carter's sheer perfection that made his use of the word "chickenshit" so devastating. Most athletes use stronger language to say hello.

"Virg never even says darn, then one day he says bleep, and it's quoted in every paper in the country," says Judy Carter.

And it was especially quoted in Chicago. Mostly because bleep captured perfectly the public's sentiment towards George Halas and the way he runs his franchise. Chicago is a "What-have-you-done-for-me-lately?" kind of town, and lately—like the last decade—Halas has done nothing but raise the ticket prices.

Besides, people in Chicago were taken with Carter from the beginning. In 1967, he spent the whole season on the taxi squad, never played a minute, yet he was noticed. In 1968, he got his shot midway through the season. All of the Bears' quarterbacks had been injured. Carter was called up. He started four games. The Bears won four games. In the fifth game, Carter suffered a fractured ankle. He was done for the year. But he was a hero. He was the undersized kid in the era of the

big quarterback. The next fall, the fans figured, he would get an opportunity early and be perfect again. The opportunity didn't come until the 12th game of the season. And then it only lasted six quarters, before a rookie named Bobby Douglass took over, and Carter popped off.

The next fall, 1970, as Bear fans suffered with Jack Concannon and Kent Nix at quarterback, Carter was off in Cincinnati leading the Bengals to the AFC's Central Division championship. He couldn't make it with Halas, but with pro football's other Godfather, Paul Brown, he did just fine. During Carter's four years in Cincinnati, there were problems, mostly injuries, and there were good times, like being the NFL's most accurate passer in 1971 with a 62.2 completion percentage.

Carter missed all of last season after breaking his collarbone with a minute and 40 seconds to go in the exhibition season. When the season was done, Brown traded him to San Diego. Virg departed on good terms.

"I couldn't say enough good things about Paul Brown," says Carter. "I think the sun rises and sets on him. Some people can't deal with his honesty. It's unusual in football. But I found it refreshing."

Carter and his broken collarbone spent the fall of 1973 in the mountains of Utah; so did Judy Carter, and the Carters' infant son, Chad. For a time, they lived without a telephone, a television or a clock. "I had to go out to the car to see what time it was," Carter says.

It was time to make a change. Time to gamble. Carter had played out his option while sitting in the mountains of Utah; he was ready to try the World Football League.

So Carter called WFL commissioner Gary Davidson and, soon afterward, Tom Origer, a construction millionaire who owns the Fire, got in touch with Carter. Origer is not a man who got rich by being loose with his change. The Fire payroll is one of the lowest in the league. And they have signed no big-name NFL stars for the future. Just a couple of anonymous linemen.

But Origer is no dummy. He real-



You changed. Did your powder?

Mennen Bath Talc has a masculine scent and an effective dry deodorant. 'Cause you're not a kid anymore.

Don't kid yourself. Get Mennen.



ized the value of Carter in Chicago. He parted with the necessary money, gave in on the necessary contractual demands. And on the day Origer announced last February that Carter was the first big name to jump the NFL, he immediately established his credibility with the Chicago media.

"I knew Virg was perfect for Chicago," Origer says now. "I used to be a Bear fan, and I was damn upset when they got rid of him. I thought he was better than Douglass, Concannon and whoever else they had."

"Chicago fans really relate to him because he was the underdog with the Bears, and he never really got a shot. But now that he's an established quarterback with a good NFL track record, they know he's good. He's our bread and butter."

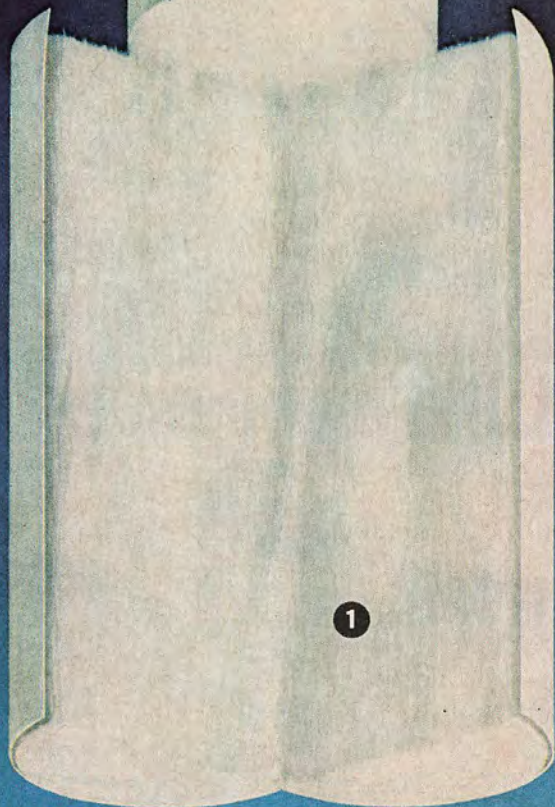
Carter is now the highest-paid football player in Chicago, the only one with a six-figure salary. He can

live on steak.

Virgil Carter is in a McDonald's, in suburban Des Plaines, lunching on hamburgers with his wife, his son and his Fire teammate, Dick Evey, for many years a defensive lineman with the Bears. The kid behind the counter recognizes Carter. Judy places the order, and the kid gives her twice as much food as she asked for, and then undercharges her. It sets Virg to wondering why, and the answer is simple.

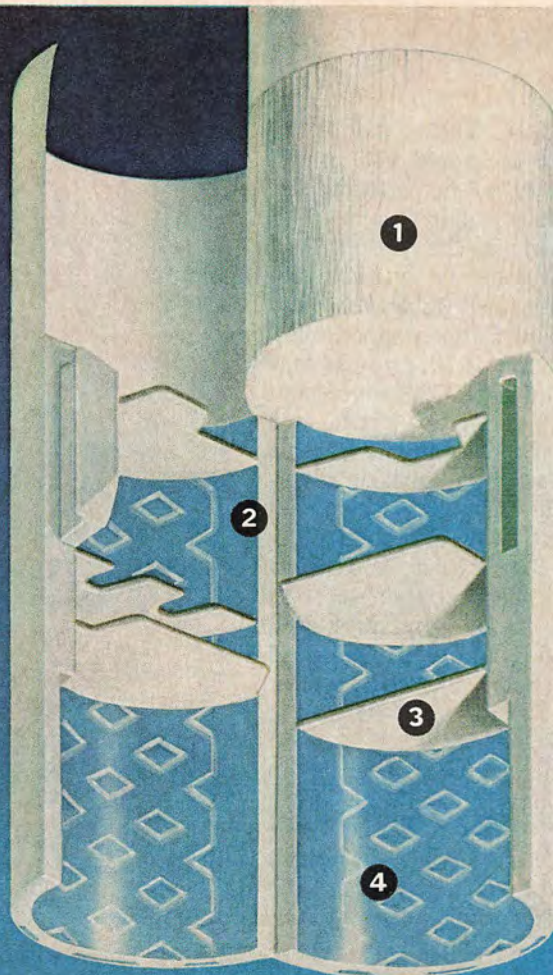
"It didn't seem that way at the time, but saying chickenbleep may have been the smartest thing I ever did," Carter says. "If I'd said it any other way, if I'd used debate terms instead of locker room terms I could be in the business world now. At the time I was making less than \$20,000, so the fine was more than five percent of my salary."

"Since then, though, I've figured



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Doral has fixed what you don't like about low "tar" & nicotine smoking.

If your cigarette is like most, all it can boast is Cellulon Fiber. But Doral's unusual Filter System's different. The filter doesn't fight the taste. So, if your cigarette is tough to puff, or "Ho-Hum" on taste, switch to Doral: the low "tar" cigarette with the high taste difference.



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FILTER, MENTHOL: 14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '74.

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Quarterbacks

CONTINUED

out the return per letter of chicken-bleep. It's the most lucrative statement I've ever made. And what's really funny is in Chicago I created a local term. Now writers use chickenbleep to describe a lot of things.

"When Judy and I talk about it we just say, 'That year.' We have one scrapbook where the entire book is 'That Was the Week That Was.' It took Tiny Tim getting married on Thursday to get me off of the front page of the *Tribune*, back onto the front page of the sports section."

After the banquet at McDonald's, Carter and his family get into his proudest possession, his restored yellow 1957 Thunderbird, the two-seater classic, with the removable hard-top roof, and he drives off to make a commercial.

Carter isn't exactly sure what the commercial involves. It has been arranged by his agent. All he knows is it requires his game jersey as costume.

The taping studio is a low, white building in suburban Glenview. Carter parks his Thunderbird away from all other cars. He doesn't want anyone slamming a door into it.

As they walk to the studio entrance, the Carters do not know that waiting inside is an old friend. One of Virg's old roommates. He's in the commercial, too. The friend's name is Bobby Douglass. It's the first time Douglass and Carter have been together since Carter returned to town a conquering hero. The talk is polite, familiar. It is not strained at all. There is no tension.

"I can't believe it's been five years, Bobby," says Judy Carter. "It doesn't seem that long. It's like I saw you yesterday."

But it is five years. And for Bobby Douglass, they haven't been the easiest five years of his life.

"Hi, I'm Bobby Douglass. I'm the

quarterback for the Chicago Bears."

"Hi, I'm Virg Carter. I used to have that job myself."

"Virg who?"

"Virg Carter. I'm the quarterback for the Chicago Fire."

It isn't one of the greatest commercials ever made—it's for a suburban health club, to be shown on a suburban station, which tells you the Brut-al difference between playing quarterback in Chicago and playing quarterback in New York—but still Douglass and Carter have to go through a dozen takes to satisfy the advertising people.

All during the rehearsals and the waiting and the taping, Bobby Douglass keeps rubbing his left knee. It's the knee the Lions ruined, the knee the Bears asked Douglass to play two more games on after the injury, the knee a surgeon worked on during the off-season. Bobby knows the knee will be fine. But when? The exhibition season is almost over, and Bobby Douglass still hasn't thrown a pass in anger. He's in a Glenview TV studio making a silly commercial, and his teammates are in Baltimore, playing an exhibition game.

Bobby Douglass finishes the commercial, says goodbye to his old roommate and goes home to watch his team play on television.

When he arrives, his wife Carol is playing the piano in the living room. It's halftime, she says. The game is close. Gary Huff, the second-year quarterback out of Florida State, has completed 11 of 18 passes.

The halftime show is on the air, but the better show is in the Douglass living room. It's Carol Douglass. She's a spectacular, an extravaganza all by herself. She was never a homecoming queen, but who cares? She was Playmate of the Month in *Playboy* a couple of years ago.

When the second half starts, Gary Huff's first pass call is a screen. He

drops back, then he's pressured and he drops back a little further. Finally there is nowhere to go. Huff is sacked for a big loss.

"What goes through your mind when you watch this?" Douglass is asked.

"If the screen doesn't form in time," Douglass answers, "you've got to do something to get rid of the ball. Or you've got to run."

As the game goes on, Bobby Douglass watches impassively. The Bears don't play badly, for the first time in ages, and win, for the first time in ten tries.

It's a little more ammunition for the bitter Bear fans who cheered when Bobby Douglass got hurt.

Bobby Douglass is awesome. Like Virgil Carter, he doesn't look like a quarterback. He looks like a linebacker. He's six-foot-four and weighs 230 pounds. He is a natural athlete, perhaps the finest ever to come out of El Dorado, Kansas, and the average fan thinks any quarterback six-foot and 230 pounds should be great enough to lead a pathetic ballclub like the Bears to a championship annually. Bobby Douglass is Chicago's Wilt Chamberlain.

Sportswriters and fans are constantly finding fault with Douglass. They insist, for instance, that Douglass can't pass. All kinds of wonderful numbers support that criticism. From 1969 through 1973, Douglass completed only 327 of his 775 passes, a rather dismal 42.2 completion percentage. In his first five NFL seasons, three of which were spent as a full-time starter, he threw just 28 touchdown passes. OK, so he's not Sid Luckman. But consider the receivers he has had to throw to. Consider the blocking he's had. Consider that he's had no running backs to take the pressure off him. People say that the Bears don't throw often enough or well enough to win. Well, the last two years the Miami Dolphins have ranked 24th in passing attempts in the NFL. And the last two years the Dolphins have won the Super Bowl.

There are people who say often

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rash, irritation,
excessive perspiration
in the groin area
could be

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he says. "Ron Santo, why have the fans always booed him? He was an All-Star for so many years. But they needed a villain for the frustration, and they found one in him.

"At times it can be aggravating for me. But aggravation is something short term. I'll read something and for a second I'll be upset. And later I'll remember and mention it to the writer if I think it's unfair. But I don't let it shake me. I have enough confidence in myself, and I see professional sports for what they are—entertainment. You have to take the distasteful with the nice.

"Really, though, sometimes it's hard to understand why people get certain images. When I came out of Kansas, I was an All-American and all that hero stuff. Then I came up here and in my first year we go 1-13. All of a sudden, I have an image. I was a rookie, I didn't play that much, but I have an image. I'm a bad guy. I'm not a quarterback. And I'm dumb. That's what people say. It may have something to do with the situation with Virgil that year, because I was the guy who replaced him. And that stuff about being dumb, well, I really think it's because of my accent. I'm from Kansas, but I've got a thick Oklahoma accent. I just don't talk that fast. At least, I don't think anyone's been silly enough to say I'm not a good football player. The difference between me and them is that I'm sure I'm a good quarterback."

On this night before the regular season, though, as he watches Gary Huff beat the Colts, Bobby Douglass is wondering whether he's going to ever get a chance to be a good quarterback for the Bears again. He is without a contract, and it looks like he'll be playing out his option. That's something George Halas doesn't take lightly. It's enough reason for Halas to order Bobby Douglass benched. It's enough reason for Gary Huff, ready or not, to step in as the Bears' full-time first-string quarterback.

It is possible that George is ready to drive Bobby Douglass out of Chicago. It isn't the worst thing that could happen. Ask Virgil Carter. ■

Quarterbacks

CONTINUED

that Bobby Douglass is a marvelous football player, but he's no quarterback. They say he'd be a terrific tight end or running back or linebacker or free safety. Pick a position, and someone has decided Bobby Douglass should be there. People started saying most of those kinds of things in 1972. That's when Douglass rushed for 968 yards, a record for quarterbacks. In his career, Douglass has gained 2,207 yards on the ground, ranking him seventh on the Bears' all-time list. Many of those yards were gained on failed pass plays that Douglass turned into yardage instead of sacks.

Strangely, despite all the attacks upon him, Douglass is at peace with himself. He's the kind of person who always takes the blame for his mistakes, and who says he's just doing what he gets paid for when he plays well. He understands why the people boo, why the writers criticize. He understands that in 1969, when he came out of Kansas as an All-American, he was supposed to revive the dismal Bears. He understands that he hasn't done it yet, isn't close to doing it and that the fans aren't patient enough to wait for 40 years.

"The fans have to have villains,"



He sat in the corner of the cafeteria. A half dozen others were bunched together. But Paul Brown sat alone, folding a napkin precisely across his lap.

Brown's arms are thin. His face is thin and gray-pink. The hair he has is gray, turning white. Legends aren't supposed to grow old, but Brown looked like an old man in new clothes. White golf shirt. Pale, yellow knit slacks. When he was younger, he was said to look like a prominent lawyer—a prosecutor. Now he looks like a retired prosecutor. Except for his eyes. Brown's eyes flash sharply. His manner is friendly. But his eyes, they snap.

The years have added a warmth to Brown. Gone is the bureaucrat in the brown suit and hat. Now he's a fragile looking man in a baseball cap. Pop Brown? Gone too are the stories that football has passed Brown by. You don't put down 66-year-old men. Besides, most of his critics are gone—retired or forgotten.

"Oooh, Paul Brown, such a gentleman, wonderful man," says the lady at the desk of the Denver House in Wilmington, Ohio. Wilmington is the trip into the past the Cincinnati Bengals take every year

when it's time for training camp. It's an old town and gentle and proud, not flamboyant, but not unfriendly, either. It's neat and respectable and bustling.

Paul Brown's kind of place.

"We love this community," says Brown as he sits in his little corner of the world, a dorm room at Wilmington College. "They've treated us so well here," he says, as he points to a plaque on the wall. "The people at the college put that up."

Brown reads the plaque. It's about Paul and Katie Brown. How they spent the last summer of Katie's life in this little room with the twin beds and tile floor and block walls. Katie Brown died in 1969. And although Paul's remarried (more than a year ago), his voice cracks with emotion as he reads the verse at the bottom of the plaque: "All this which now we see is but the childhood of eternity." "I've got to do some work now," Brown says softly.

If there is a secret to the success of Paul Brown, it's his devotion to the work ethic. The Bengals' 75-minute practices seem easy at first glance. But more careful study shows constant motion. A group of offensive linemen here, a half-dozen defensive backs over there. Always moving, always drilling. And

BY DOUG GROW

PAUL BROWN HAS MELLOWED AT 66...A LITTLE

PAUL BROWN

CONTINUED

Brown's everywhere at once. Talking to an assistant or a player and later to reporters and old friends or friends of old friends. There's no yelling, no grunting and absolutely no cursing at a Bengals' practice. Just continuous motion.

"In the end," says Paul Brown, "it's like an old teacher of mine told me a long time ago: The eternal verities always will out. Loyalty, hard work, dedication. They will out, always. In the end, the true leaders will step forward."

The Bengals' training camp—like the training camps of the other 25 National Football League teams—had been split by a strike. Ed Garvey, executive director of the NFL Players Association, had called Brown "intellectually bankrupt." Ed Podolak, a member of the Players Association executive committee, said Brown was "intimidating." Half the Bengals were in camp preparing for the 1974 season; the other half stood on a sunny-day picket line. Brown seemed oblivious to all that was going on around him. His mind was on football. He'd started from scratch twice before in his pro-coaching career. He'd do it again. He wasn't about to change now. Not after all those Sundays of victories.

It was in 1946 that Paul Brown left the Great Lakes Naval Training Station and returned to his native Ohio to put together a football team that would first make—and finally break—a whole league.

The team was called the Cleveland Browns: Otto Graham, Lou Groza, Dante Lavelli, Mac Speedie and Marion Motley. The league was the All-American Football Conference and in its four-year existence, the Browns lost just four games, while winning every league championship. In the end, though, the Browns were too good. Perfection is dull. Even the fans in Cleve-

land stayed away from Browns' games, and in 1950, the All-American Football Conference died. So the Browns went to the National Football League and promptly won that league's championship, too.

In the 13 years Brown coached the NFL Browns, his teams won 111 of 160 regular-season games and three NFL championships (they were beaten in four championship games). But by 1962, the Browns had become just another good football team. They hadn't played in a championship game since 1958. Players and sportswriters began doing what a few years earlier would have been blasphemous—they second-guessed Paul Brown. His football was called stodgy and unimaginative. The Browns couldn't win the big games. By calling plays for his quarterbacks, Brown was stroking his ego and costing Cleveland championships. The word was out. Pro football had passed Brown by.

There was a 1962 article in *SPORT*. Jimmy Brown was talking about the problems the Browns ran into every time they played the New York Giants. "The Giants' scouting system of Paul Brown's system is so good that they often know what he's going to run even before Brown does himself," Jimmy Brown said. "We start out as though we're going to do things differently, but somehow we always seem to fall back in the same old groove."

For the only time in his nine-year career, in 1962, Jimmy Brown lost the rushing title, and he said that Cleveland was big enough for only one Brown, Paul or Jimmy. Paul lost. He was called into owner Art Modell's office in January, 1963, and told that he would be paid his \$82,500-a-year salary for the next six years. But he'd earn it off the field, as a vice-president.

"In the long run, that may have been the best thing that could have happened," Brown says as he slowly sips a Sprite. "Katie was very sick, she was a diabetic and, well, I have to say it, she was blind at the end. Those five years gave us a chance to travel, to be together."

In 1968, the Cincinnati Bengals were formed, and from the beginning, they were all Paul Brown. Some of Paul Brown's money. Paul Brown as chairman of the board. Paul Brown as general manager. Paul Brown as coach. For the second time, Brown was starting a professional football team from scratch. But this time, there would be no interference from management. Brown *was* management. This time there would be no confrontations between Paul Brown and another Jimmy Brown.

Brown is a believer in systems, and most of all in the Paul Brown system. "Sometimes it may seem like I'm bulldozing things," he says. "I turned down four chances to get back into coaching during those years I was out of football. But I'll never get into a situation like we had at Cleveland at the end. Here, players can't go over my head. They deal with me."

"I watched the New Orleans Saints being put together (1967) and I was amazed, really amazed," he adds. "They were doing things totally opposite to the way I'd do them." The Brown way has led to two division championships in the six-year history of the Bengals. The Saints have never finished higher than third.

Brown still does most of the same things he did when he was coaching Severn Prep, in 1930 and '31. He's sure of himself and his system. He's convinced that the intelligence tests (covering math and grammar) he gives all rookies are fair and necessary. Brown's got a theory. Dumb athletes don't win. He drafts for brains as well as brawn.

Brown regards great athletes with respect. He regards intelligent athletes with awe. Of Bengals' offensive center Bob Johnson: "He's great executive material." Of Ben-

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PAUL BROWN

CONTINUED

gals' defensive tackle Mike Reid: "He's a concert pianist, you know." Sometimes it seems Brown feels demeaned by the brutality of his sport.

Brown's matter-of-fact approach to football has led to charges that he's intimidating. His frequent use of such words as "manipulate" doesn't do much to tear down his critics' case. And he demands loyalty over all.

Item: Middle linebacker Bill Bergey was considered by many to be the best in professional football last year when he was a Bengal. Now, he's doing his tackling for the Philadelphia Eagles.

Bergey had two years left on his Bengal contract when he signed a three-year contract with the Florida Blazers of the World Football League. Brown filed suit, hoping for an injunction against WFL raids on Bengals' players and revocation of Bergey's WFL contract. During the trial, Brown testified that Bergey's future WFL commitments made his career with the Bengals uncertain, that he'd have divided loyalties and that he'd hurt team morale. The judge ruled in favor of Bergey; Brown traded him to Philadelphia for some draft choices.

After Bergey had been traded, the Bengals opened their camp. As players, coaches and reporters were sitting down to the first day's dinner, in strolled Bergey. A giant slab of beef covered his plate.

"Everyone was gagging on their food," recalls Ed Meneker of the Cincinnati *Post*. "The coaches were choking on their carrots. The reporters were sitting there with their mouths wide open."

"Paul looked up from his dinner and said, 'Hello, Bill.' Then, he just

kept eating. Later I asked him about it and he said that Bergey had called and wondered if he could come down to buy his shoulder pads and helmet—they fit him so well, he didn't want to have to break in new gear in Philadelphia. So Paul told him to come on down and have dinner and that the Bengals would just give him his gear. Paul wasn't mad. He just didn't want Bergey on his football team."

"I don't know what they mean when they say I'm intimidating,"

says Brown. "I demand what I believe in, but I don't do it in a bombastic way. I explain why we do things—I've done that all my life. Football isn't a shouting match or a contest of bullies, it's a scientific game. I'm careful of my guys. You look at our practices—there's very little contact, especially early. These are 25-, 26-, 27-year-old bodies and they have to be treated carefully. You bring them along slowly. You never heard any of my coaches curse a player or yell. We're teachers. If we're intimidating, well. . . ."

And Brown leans back in his chair and sips a bit more Sprite and smiles. He talks of his former players and other years. He talks of changing times and golf ("I play management golf"). Of the business of professional football—how



Once, people wondered if pro football had passed Paul Brown by; now they wonder if the game will catch up to him.

it's a brittle business and if the Players Association demands were met, how the brittle business would snap. He talks of the World Football League ("They lack two things, money and knowledge") and how in the old days of the All-American Football Conference owners would inflate attendance figures and how he supposed WFL owners were doing the same thing now. He talks about his sons (all three of them have jobs with the Bengals) and his grandchildren. And he talks more and more about the old days. Bits and pieces. And he sounds very much like an old man sitting on a porch remembering. Except for his eyes—alert, flashing, ageless.

"'Precision Paul', that's what the newspapers always wrote," Brown says. "My kids would sit at the breakfast table and read that stuff: 'Paul Brown, the stern taskmaster.' One time they were reading about some coach being hung in effigy and they were disappointed that it wasn't me. They didn't know what it meant to be hung in effigy and they thought I was missing out on something."

Again Brown excuses himself and goes back to the business of building a football team.

Bob Trumpy, a tight end, and center Bob Johnson were sprawled in their tiny dorm room. A quiz game was blaring from a six-inch black-and-white portable. They'd finished their morning workout and they were hoping stiff muscles would become limber in time for the afternoon practice. They hurt. The dorm room was tiny. Their beds even smaller. A community john down the hall. Wives, children, business and civilization were weeks away. But both laughed as they told Paul Brown stories.

"He coaches this team the best way there is to coach a football team," said Trumpy. "But I remember when I got here in '68 (the first year of the Bengals), it was a zoo. I mean we had some people you wouldn't believe. We had one guy who was married to a 14-year-old girl. We had all sorts, all of 'em really weird, and the only guy who's

got any idea what's going on in the whole place is Paul Brown.

"We're playing our first regular season game. Kansas City. And for some reason, we're ahead. Tom Bass was the defensive coordinator and it's something like third-and-39 for the Chiefs. Everybody in the place knows Len Dawson's going to pass. He drops back and throws the damn ball to Otis Taylor. Taylor falls forward—39 yards and an inch. First down. Paul's down at one end of the field and Tom Bass is at the other.

"Paul runs 60 yards fast as I've ever seen anybody run and we're all standing on the sideline wondering what in the world's going to happen. Paul runs up to Bass and asks what was the coverage. Bass says it was Coverage Seven, which is supposed to cover us in long-yardage situations. You know, deep safety and all. And Paul just looks at Bass and then he screams, 'You shove that Coverage Seven up your ass.' I mean, everyone in the stadium hears him. Then he just turns around and walks away and we're just all dying from laughing so hard."

"He's amazing," said Johnson. "I remember coming here for the first practice after the All-Star game (1968). I'd always played with winners, big winners—in high school, at Tennessee. But I got here and I just wanted to quit. It's our first exhibition game—that's against the Chiefs, too—and I'm seeing the team for the first time ever in the first game ever. I mean, the Chiefs just creamed us. I don't think we had the ball the whole first half. I'd never seen anything like it in my life, but after the game, we're all sitting around the dressing room wondering what's hit us and Paul walks in and says, 'Now, that wasn't too bad.' I thought he must be crazy."

But Johnson and Trumpy both say they have become Brown believers. They've heard Brown's three-hour indoctrination speech—the same speech he's delivered ever since he put his first Cleveland Browns together—seven times now.

But they still listen and keep a straight face.

"Paul starts out every year by telling how Lou Groza had to listen to the speech 19 or 20 times or whatever and that we may be getting tired of hearing it, but that he's going to give it anyway," said Trumpy. "I don't mind listening. I'd a lot rather listen to a winner than a loser."

The speech seems to be the one occasion when Brown totally indulges himself. He's in front of his audience and telling them about principles and loyalty and morality and training—those eternal verities. The speech is the key to Brown and neither he nor it have changed. Other things haven't changed, either. Brown still insists on calling the plays for his quarterback. He called the plays for Otto Graham. He'll call plays for Ken Anderson. Brown, who loves golf, still refuses to pick up a club from the day training camp opens until the day the season ends. And Brown still turns unknowns into stars.

A scout sees a giant sophomore running back at Bethune-Cookman College. The giant running back is a tight end as a junior. He's a part-time linebacker as a senior. His college coach tells pro scouts the kid can't make it. But Brown remembers the report a scout sent him when the giant kid was a sophomore. So on the 12th round of the 1973 draft, the Bengals pick a kid named Charles Clark. The rest of the NFL is doing some head-scratching. Last year, Charles (Boobie) Clark rushed for 988 yards.

"Just watching the people—the Boobie Clarks and the lunch-bucket players—it's a fascinating study of people," says Brown. "But it's the games that are fun, the manipulating. It's a giant chess match. I was entranced by football a long time ago—my father wanted me to be a lawyer, you know. But I fell in love with football. I'm still fascinated by the game."

He takes one more sip of the Sprite and puts the half-full bottle back in the cooler. Efficient . . . down to the last drop. ■

The NFL Defectors: Lame Ducks...or Sitting Ducks?

BY MURRAY OLDERMAN

Consider the worst that could happen: The Dallas Cowboys win the National Football Conference championship, the Oakland Raiders the American Football Conference Championship. They meet in the Super Bowl, in New Orleans. The game goes into overtime, tied, and the Raiders march deep into Dallas territory threatening to score. Quarterback Ken Stabler calls a pass play. He takes the snap from center and fades back. Suddenly, Jethro Pugh, the Cowboys' huge defensive tackle breaks through the Oakland line and finds a clear path to Stabler. He can deck Stabler. He can crush Stabler. He can ruin Stabler.

At this point, with the Super Bowl title at stake, does Jethro Pugh stop and reflect upon the fact that in a year and a half, if contracts and the World Football League hold up, he and Ken Stabler are going to be teammates on the Birmingham Americans?

The answer, of course, is obviously, patently, logically "no." But suppose Pugh slips and misses Stabler, and Stabler throws a touchdown pass to win the game. Or suppose Stabler slips, and the ball falls into Pugh's hands, and Dallas goes on to win the game. Are the fans of the losing team going to be more than ordinarily frustrated? Are they going to say unusually unkind things about the man who slipped? You bet your sweet human nature they are.

The whole scenario is a bit far-fetched, but then so is the situation that now exists in professional football. This is the year of the lame duck, the year a number of players are winding up careers in the National Football League and planning to report next fall, or the following, to honor new contracts in the World Football League.

When the training camps finally got underway in August, after the abortive players' strike, NFL rosters

listed 52 known lame ducks and probably at least as many secret lame ducks, men whose defections had not yet been revealed. The secret *lame* ducks were trying to protect themselves from becoming *sitting* ducks, convenient targets for unhappy owners, unhappy coaches and unhappy fans.

NFL owners are unhappy for two reasons: First, they don't like losing talent to the new league; second, and foremost, they don't like spending more money on the talent they still have. The most unhappy owner is Joe Robbie of the Miami Dolphins, the team that has suffered most obviously from defections to the new league. Beyond losing Larry Csonka, Paul Warfield and Jim Kiick to the Memphis Southmen of the WFL, the Dolphins have been forced to alter drastically their whole pay structure. Last year, when they won their second straight Super Bowl, not a Dolphin earned \$100,000; in 1974, half a dozen Dolphins—Bob



Griese, Mercury Morris, Larry Little, Jake Scott, Jim Mandich and Nick Buoniconti—are reported to be drawing six-figure salaries. The team payroll, which was about \$2 million, or less than \$50,000 apiece for 40-plus men, has gone up to \$3 million, or more than \$70,000 a man.

"The WFL has cost us a million dollars in cash this year, in renegotiated and newly negotiated contracts," says Robbie, who, after Csonka, Warfield and Kiick defected, handed out \$25,000 bonuses to other veterans *not* to jump. "We may be the only football team ever to win three straight conference championships and two Super Bowls and then lose money the next year." (Since the Green Bay Packers are the only other team ever to win three straight conference championships and two Super Bowls, Robbie's statement is accurate, but not very sweeping.)

Among unhappy coaches, the most outspoken is Tom Landry, whose Dallas Cowboys will surrender Craig Morton, Calvin Hill, Jethro Pugh, Rayfield Wright and a few more veterans to the WFL. "There's no way you can be a lame duck and give that top performance," says Landry, bluntly. "I don't question their desire—only their concentration and dedication."

Landry feels that the toughest obstacle the lame duck has to overcome is himself. "Their thinking

processes are working against them," he says. "You can see it in our people. They have to wonder: What does the fan think? What does the coach think? What does my teammate think? You're dealing with very sensitive egos in football players. Even under normal circumstances, when I say something critical to players, they interpret it as a slight. They always want approval. They always want to be reassured." Landry's words are not very reassuring to his lame duck Cowboys.

Ken Stabler, the Oakland quarterback who is scheduled to become the Birmingham quarterback in two years, received a fan letter not long ago from Sacramento, California. "Hey, you fink," the fan wrote, "where's your loyalty?"

Paul Warfield, the Miami wide receiver who is heading north to the Southmen, received a similar greeting. He opened up a large envelope and found inside a photograph of himself—the kind dispensed by the Dolphins' publicity office—with one word lettered across it: "GREEDY."

Partly as a response to the unhappiness of owners, coaches and fans, and partly as a response to the human instinct for revenge, almost half of the 52 known lame ducks in the NFL were traded before the 1974 season began. Many of them—for instance, ex-Giant Richmond Flowers (Oakland), ex-Giant Carter Campbell (Cleveland) and ex-Raiders John Isenbarger and Dick Witch-

er (both Chicago)—were cut by their new NFL teams. Lame ducks were becoming a vanishing breed; they were almost as expendable as player reps.

Significantly, with the exception of Cincinnati's Bill Bergey (who went to Philadelphia and decided to become an ex-defector), none of the big-name defectors was traded. Which proves that the NFL owners' instinct for survival is even stronger than their instinct for revenge. And that may explain why Miami coach Don Shula, even though he is losing two of his best players, is trying very hard to ignore the special status of his lame ducks.

"Every other NFL coach is switching the lame ducks around," says Shula, "and I understand their position. They're rebuilding, looking to the future. Their situation is drastically different from mine. Because of the opportunity we have to win three Super Bowls in a row, and because of the type of individuals we have, I don't have any doubt they'll give it their best shot."

Not that Shula isn't disconcerted by the thought of losing two regulars and a reserve. "I was a little upset personally by Csonka," Shula admits. "He's meant so much to us these last four years. The tougher the game, the better he played. He's

Ken Stabler, Calvin Hill and Ted Kwalick (opposite page, left to right) are lame ducks too talented to be discarded by their NFL teams. Fran Tarkenton (below, left) turned down the WFL, but his favorite target, John Gilliam, has accepted.



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The NFL Defectors: Lame Ducks...or Sitting Ducks?

CONTINUED

been a great leader. And, of course, he's Hungarian."

Naturally, the defectors themselves do not feel they deserve to be sitting ducks for owners, coaches or fans. Paul Warfield, who is almost as thoughtful as he is skilled, offers rebuttals in all three areas.

To Joe Robbie: "I'm a ten-year man in the NFL, and I can't say I have ever had a fair contract. I had to fight and scratch for everything I got. When I started, the Buffalo Bills drafted me in the AFL and Cleveland in the NFL. The Bills offered me \$20,000 more to sign, but I turned it down just to play in the NFL. I always thought I'd make it up. I thought all I had to do was go out and perform and I'd be paid accordingly. I was wrong. I've been a top receiver, but I haven't been paid like one. It took me six months to negotiate a contract when I got traded to Miami, and I still didn't get what I wanted. And I had to sign a four-year contract. When I found out the WFL offer was legitimate, it took me practically no time to make up my mind. I'd have liked to have

been able to tell John Bassett (who made the WFL offer): 'These people are so good to me, I'd like to think it over for a couple of months.' But I couldn't."

To Tom Landry: "Our coach, Don Shula, is taking a very mature attitude. He said right away he would start the 11 best players. There are no grudges. Everyone's speculating on how we're going to perform, and I think there's pressure on us to do even better than normal. I want it to be a banner year. I want to put on a good show. I want to give 100 percent because I've been conditioned that way. I have a tremendous amount of self-esteem. Giving less than 100 percent reflects on me."

To a Fort Lauderdale doctor who wrote accusing him of "disloyalty": "What about your loyalty? Don't you consider your family first in your career decisions?"

Warfield also has an answer to critics who suspect that the jumpers, despite protective clauses in their new WFL contracts, might be injury-shy. "I can't play this game wondering whether I'm going to get

hurt," he says. "The time I start to worry about injury is precisely the time I get hurt."

Calvin Hill, another thoughtful and articulate defector, shares Warfield's feelings. "I'm not a psychologist," says the Yale graduate, "so I can't predict our mental attitude. But I do know there have been times in the past when I've been unhappy and still performed. I'm not concerned about people thinking I'm not hustling. I'm used to the challenge. Deep down, everybody plays for themselves. Sure, it's a team sport, but by manifesting your selfish desires, you help the team. Performing comes down to a point of personal pride."

Ted Kwalick, who never dreamed that someday he would play for a team farther west than the San Francisco 49ers, is headed toward Hawaii next year—with no guilt about his final NFL season. "I come to play football," says Kwalick. "It's part of my ladder of success. You miss one rung and you slip off. So I've got to do well this year."

Jim Kiick sums up perfectly the sentiments of the lame ducks. "When it's all over," he says, "I'd rather have the fans say, 'We're sorry to see them go.' Not, 'We didn't need them anyhow.'"

Lee Roy Jordan, the veteran Dal-

Jethro Pugh (below, left) and Paul Warfield are a pair of Super Bowl veterans playing out their options in the NFL.



The NFL Defectors: Lame Ducks...or Sitting Ducks?

CONTINUED



las linebacker, is one of the few players who has expressed any doubts about the defectors' ability to perform in 1974. "Football is a team game," says Jordan, "and to exist as an individual, that won't work. I just hope the lame ducks are going to be able to get what they signed for in the WFL. I hope they don't have any doubts about that and use it as an excuse to have a poor season this year."

The prevailing attitude toward the lame ducks among non-defectors ranges from understanding to envy. If there is a split among players in the NFL this year—and there is—it is between strike leaders and strike breakers, not between WFL men and NFL men.

"The tradition of this game is for people to leave," says Blaine Nye of the Cowboys. "They leave high-school teams, and they leave college teams. And now they're leaving this league for the first time. That's the most profound feeling I have about it."

"It's like it's their senior year in college," echoes Dick Anderson of the Dolphins. "It's the last go-round for these guys, and they want to make it good."

"I don't think it'll affect their performance this year," says Bob Lilly, the veteran Dallas tackle. "There's no animosity about them leaving. Theirs is a strictly professional decision."

"I can't blame them for going," says Cowboy John Niland. "Players are here today, gone tomorrow—without the control of the players themselves."

Quarterback Fran Tarkenton of the Minnesota Vikings was offered one-third of a franchise and \$300,-

000 a year for five years to jump to the WFL. He chose to stay with the Vikings. For one thing, he has a chance to break all the NFL passing records in the next few years; for another, he wants to take another shot at the Super Bowl; for a third, he could probably afford to go out and buy his own franchise in any league.

But Tarkenton's favorite receiver, John Gilliam, made the opposite decision. He will leave the Vikings after the 1974 season and join Ted Kwalick and Calvin Hill in Hawaii. Gilliam and Tarkenton both live in Atlanta during the off-season, and Gilliam discussed his defection with Tarkenton before reaching a decision. The quarterback didn't try to dissuade him—and doesn't think Gilliam's play will be hampered at all this year. "Once you get into the routine of a season," says Tarkenton, "you don't think of strikes, or playing out options, or going to the WFL. On all your good teams, the attitude is the same: 'We can get there.' To real pros, that's all that matters."

"My teammates have been treating me super," says Gilliam. "I know I've just got to have a super year."

"On losing teams," says Tarkenton, "they'll start looking for reasons for poor performances, and, naturally the WFL will be one reason. On winning teams, it won't make any difference."

Instant reaction is, generally, the most honest reaction, and Dick Anderson, Miami's balding and gifted safety, had the best instant reaction to the defections. When he heard that Csonka, Warfield and Kiick were jumping to the WFL for a total of \$3 million, Anderson was playing in a tennis tournament in Arizona. He almost dropped his racket. "If they're willing to pay a safety that kind of money, or even \$100,000," said Anderson, "just tell them where they can find me."

That's the bottom line. Lame ducks, or sitting ducks, it makes no difference. To their bankers, they all look like swans. ■

Dallas coach Tom Landry says there's no way that a lame duck can play his best, but he's not ready to bench Calvin Hill.



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Cleveland Dealt Itself Two Aces, GEORGE HENDRICK & CHARLIE SPIKES

BY BOB SUDYK

Most baseball clubhouses handle a trade the same way. After the traded player gets the word and returns to his locker to gather his composure and pack his things, his teammates look away in sympathy. The noise level fades to whispers and one by one his teammates sneak a look at the man who is packing. Slowly his teammates approach. Cautiously. They make small talk until the tension is broken by someone who grins and says, "Hey man, it could be worse—you could be going to Cleveland."

Cleveland, the burial ground of the American League. For 20 years the Indians have gone without a pennant. The city's been in a slump, too. Downtown is decaying. Lake Erie smells like old sneakers. The mayor set his hair afire with a blow torch opening a welding convention. His wife passed up dinner at the White House because it was her bowling night.

But things are changing with the Indians, if not the city. The Indians were legitimate contenders for the American League Eastern half-

pennant all season; they drew well over a million fans and they were in first place as late as July. Gaylord and Jim Perry gave them respectability, but it was two young outfielders who gave them a future. The outfielders are Charlie Spikes and George Hendrick, and already, early in their careers, they have both survived the worst thing that can happen to a ballplayer: Being traded to Cleveland.

Between the end of the 1972 season and the start of 1973, the Indians dealt themselves two aces: They picked up Spikes from the Yankees and Hendrick from the Oakland A's. In 1974, in their second year as Indians, neither yet 25 years old, Spikes and Hendrick kept their batting averages between .270 and .300 all season, hit more than 40 home runs between them and took to the spacious Cleveland outfield as if they were molded for it. They are the unmistakable signs of a revival; with them, Cleveland will no longer be a discard heap.

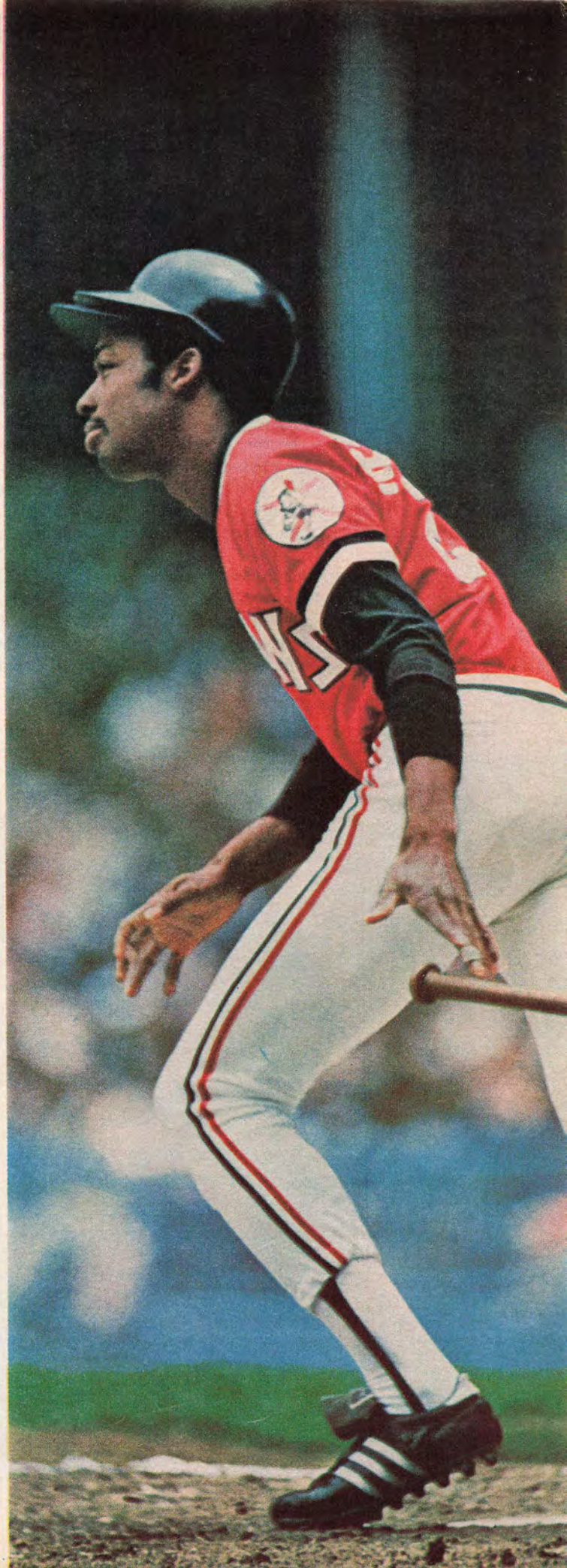
Spikes and Hendrick make a strange combination, an odd couple. Spikes was the key man in the

six-man deal that brought him from the Yankees. Ralph Houk, then the Yankee manager, called Spikes, "the number one prospect in the organization." Hendrick was a throw-in as the A's and the Indians essentially swapped catchers. That was only the beginning of the contrast between the players. Spikes is a fairly typical ballplayer. He is in the big leagues by design, the fulfillment of a dream. He doesn't say much; he does his job efficiently, unobtrusively. Hendrick is not a typical ballplayer. He is in the major leagues by accident, almost against his will. He doesn't say anything, and controversy swirls around him. He is about as close as baseball comes to having a Duane Thomas.

Spikes plays in pain.

It seems the only thing Spikes can do without hurting himself is blink his eyes. His arches fell after two seasons in the minors; soft corns sprouted on his toes from his baseball shoes; a pitched ball hit

At age 16, Charlie Spikes (left) hit a home run off Vida Blue; at 18, George Hendrick had never faced any pitcher.



GEORGE HENDRICK & CHARLIE SPIKES

CONTINUED

him on the Adam's apple, softening and lowering his voice an octave; two front teeth were knocked out during his first big-league season; his knees have become pools of fluid; in 1974, he nursed an aching shoulder and a pinched nerve in the neck. His medical history is more crowded than Disneyland on a holiday.

At times, he seems to thrive on punishment. Baltimore catcher Andy Etchebarren recalls sitting in the bullpen at Cleveland and watching Spikes catch a ball with his face. "Brooks Robinson hit a hard liner to left," Etchebarren says. "Spikes went down to get it on one hop and the ball smacked into his face. He

picked up the ball and threw it into the infield, shook his head and spat out two front teeth. . . . He never even called time or anything."

When his body is whole, Spikes is built like a tight end. He is six-foot-three and 220 pounds; his 32-inch waist and bulging muscles give him the look in doubleknit uniforms of a football player with most of his padding. His swing is out of a Ted Williams textbook; from his crouch at the plate, his bat is cocked flat, in perfect parallel with his size-13 flat feet.

At 23, he seems to have an unlimited future—if he can avoid injuries, and cheeseburgers. During his 1973 knee problems, when he spent

time on the bench with chronic tendonitis, he became a .400 eater.

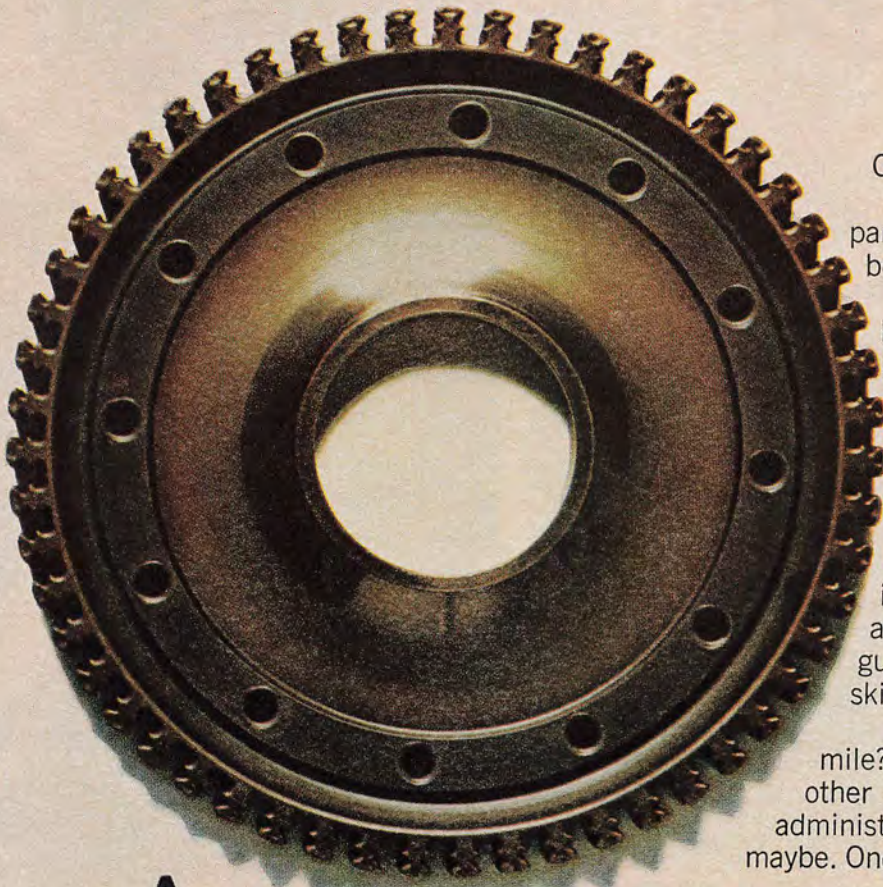
In September of 1973, Spikes complained to clubhouse boy Cy Bunak when his uniforms came back from the cleaners. "These aren't my pants," Spikes said. "They're the wrong size." Charlie was the wrong size. He'd ballooned to 240 pounds and couldn't snap the buttons on his trousers.

"I was nervous sitting," Spikes explained. "I started eating. I never saw feasts after the games like they have in the big-league clubhouses. I love anything between two slices of bread."

In 1974, under threat of a fine, Spikes came to camp at 218 pounds. His manager, Ken Aspromonte, bought him a steak dinner; his teammates bought him suspenders.

Hendrick plays in silence.

He carries the burden of moodiness, a tag of three-quarter effort, playing baseball in waltz time. He wants to be left alone by everyone including manager, teammates and



A.

O.K., think.

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press. "I don't like to talk about my game," Hendrick says. "I used to, but the things I would say didn't come out right. Once I had to apologize to a teammate for a story that came out as criticism. So I decided to let everybody write what they see and let it go at that. To be fair, I don't talk to any reporters. That can hurt, but I can live with it. All that really counts is what I do on the field. I don't think being interviewed is part of my job as a ballplayer."

Hendrick is a devotee of baseball's Cool School. Its methodology is performing with a show of ease and nonchalance. Never-ending statements that George would be great if he gave 100 percent every moment merely tire his ears. He is forever being compared with a young Hank Aaron, and he views that comparison as "a broken record that I have to listen to." Behind his back, he has been referred to as "contemporary loaf," a label he deeply resents. In 1973, he was fined \$400 for not hustling, and

Yankee coach Elston Howard was quoted in New York papers as calling Hendrick "a dog." Even some teammates don't understand his methods. Watching the six-foot-two, 195-pounder (Indians trainer Jim Warfield says, "He has the best baseball physique I've ever seen"), one veteran teammate said, "The front office is spoiling him. Little by little, he's getting away with things. They can ruin Hendrick unless they show some leadership to him."

But Hendrick thinks the criticism is unwarranted. "I know I sometimes look like I'm not trying," Hendrick admits, "but that is my style of play. That people don't accept or like my style is just another thing I have to deal with. Some people see me and say, 'Wow, you look like you don't care, man.' You can't please everybody. You have to please yourself first. Only results count. Some fans want to see guys running into walls and diving for balls. If I can still catch a ball without doing that, why should I

do it? I want to be the best defensive centerfielder in the game."

The book on Hendrick says that's possible. If not in Cleveland, then somewhere else. He has asked to be traded, and it's not unlikely he'll ask again.

Perhaps much of the difference in styles between the two men can be explained in their backgrounds. Hendrick grew up in Watts, the showcase ghetto of the West Coast in Los Angeles. Early on, he learned the slap-me-five logic of the streets, playing with guns and knives like some kids play with electric trains. Hendrick said he could "feel the heat of the fires on my skin, sitting on the porch" during the 1969 Watts riots. "I've looked into the barrels of guns," Hendrick said. "I've been to parties where two guys pulled guns and shot it out."

Spikes' fears were more psychological, growing up in Bogalusa, Louisiana, a sleepy community of 18,000 with its old-time segrega-

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B.

GEORGE HENDRICK & CHARLIE SPIKES

CONTINUED

tion, its Ku Klux Klan and its atmosphere of yessir, nossir authority. The sit-in was something to be feared for the repercussions it brought. Both men learned the lessons of violence and came to abhor it. It shouldn't surprise people that neither man mixed it up with the Texas Rangers in last season's infamous Beer-Night Brawl in Cleveland. "Violence makes me sick to my stomach," Spikes said. "I can't stand that sort of thing."

The two men took dramatically different routes to the major leagues. Spikes ran after sports, seeing baseball as a means out of Bogalusa. Hendrick trotted, seeing sports only as something to do to keep his parents—intense Dodger fans—mollified. "I went to a ton of ballgames," Hendrick remembers. "Until I became old enough to say, 'No more.'"

Spikes was a schoolboy star, who saved his brightest and most dramatic moment for the state championship game, Spikes' Central Memorial team against the Mansfield High team of Vida Blue. The first three times Spikes came to bat, Blue struck him out. The fourth time up, Spikes hit a home run 445 feet. Central Memorial won the game, 1-0.

Hendrick never played baseball in high school, or in grammar school, or on sandlots. Then, an accident got him into the game, an accident to a friend named David Linsey. The friend lost the tips of two fingers in a shop accident. "David was always after me to play ball," says Hendrick. "He fought so hard after his accident, he became an inspiration to me. I

promised him I'd try the game and together we would make the big leagues." (Linsey has not made the majors, but he is still playing baseball, in the Milwaukee farm system.)

At the age of 18, when most young men are ready to give up the game, Hendrick picked up a bat and faced a pitcher for the first time. He was a natural.

The rest, as they say, is history. While Spikes was impressing Yankee scouts to the tune of a \$60,000 bonus, Hendrick developed so quickly he drew a \$22,000 bonus from the notoriously penurious Oakland A's, who feared he might cash the check and quit the game.

Where Spikes was always willing and eager for instruction, Hendrick avoided it.

Spikes was disappointed by the lack of tutoring he received with the Yankees. "I was going to spring training every year and nobody told me anything," Spikes says. "Rocky Colavito and Mickey Mantle were the Yankee instructors. My help

consisted of shaking hands one year with Colavito, and posing with Mantle for a picture another year."

Hendrick was happy being ignored. Almost immediately, he got a reputation as a loner, and minor-league managers—awed by his natural ability—didn't try to tamper with his style. He had gotten so good at the game so fast that no one quite knew how to cope with him. When his style changed from a line-drive hitter to a power hitter, he did it himself after watching John Mayberry hit a mammoth homer. "I'll never forget it," Hendrick said. "So I raised my bat and spread my stance, and they started going out."

Both men got to the majors for good during the 1972 season, and both were traded to Cleveland by the beginning of the 1973 season. They started on opening day and by July 4, each had 15 homers and a nickname. Spikes was "Freight-Train Charlie," and Hendrick "The Watts Walloper." But quickly their seasons changed. Spikes' sore knee led to his battle of the bulge against the cheeseburger army. Hendrick's season ended in mid-August when Kansas City pitcher Steve Busby cracked a bone in Hendrick's right wrist with a fast ball.

If Hendrick's first Cleveland season was marked by promise—he hit 21 home runs even though he missed the last month and a half—



Charlie Spikes gets along fine with teammates; the way he's built, a teammate would have to be crazy to dispute him.

it was also marked by conflict, conflict between Hendrick and manager Ken Aspromonte. After a game in which Hendrick let a two-out single drop in front of him and merely trotted to first base on a sacrifice bunt, Aspromonte fined the youngster \$400.

Ken Aspromonte played in 457 big-league games. He had to bust his butt to make a team and he can tolerate almost anything but the player who appears to be taking it easy. It isn't hard to figure out how an antagonism might start up between the Brooklyn-raised Aspromonte and the Watts-refined Hendrick.

Yet the antagonism never quite erupted into outright warfare, not in 1973. Hendrick apologized to his manager and his teammates after the \$400 fine, and at the end of the season, he said, "I was wrong about some things. I admit it. And they'll never happen again." Hendrick seemed sincere and determined.

Then came the 1974 season, and in spring training, Hendrick's temperament seemed to have improved as much as Spikes' waistline. Hendrick had spent the winter playing in Puerto Rico under Frank Robinson ("he gave me a new view of the game"), then spent the spring learning from the Indians' new coach, Larry Doby ("the smartest baseball man I've ever talked to").

But once the season began, the

antagonism between Hendrick and Aspromonte erupted again. After one particularly upsetting defeat in Boston, Aspromonte read the riot act to the team and offended Hendrick to the point where the outfielder went to the manager and asked to be traded.

"He said some things that were really out of line," Hendrick said. "They were personal. I told him I didn't want to play for him anymore."

Little incidents kept popping up all during the season. There was a dispute about where Hendrick would bat in the order, another about whether or not he liked to face certain pitchers, several about whether or not he was hustling as much as he could. "He's not going to destroy my ballclub," Aspromonte said one day, when his patience was exhausted. "There is no room for a player on my club not giving 100 percent. No matter how talented he is."

For much of the season, many of his teammates were willing to give Hendrick the benefit of the doubt. "George has taken a bum rap sometimes," said Buddy Bell, the third baseman.

"They are a team," ex-Yankee Johnny Ellis said at one point, of Hendrick and Spikes. "They match catch for catch in the outfield. If one fails to deliver a clutch hit, he looks to the other. It's as if it's a

private game to see who gets the job done that day."

But in the middle of August, when Hendrick disappeared from the team for a week, either to nurse a pulled hamstring or to visit his draft board or just to see his family (depending on which version you believe), most of his teammates seemed fed up with him.

Aspromonte, clearly, wanted to get rid of Hendrick. Hendrick, clearly, wanted to get free of Aspromonte ("I don't want to play for that man; I have nothing to say to him"). And general manager Phil Seghi seemed to be emerging as Hendrick's strongest defender (At one game, when Hendrick failed to run out a ground ball, the fans booed him lustily. Seghi turned to the sportswriters in the press box and said, "The kid has a pulled muscle. Can't they see the wrap?" Which prompted one reporter to fire back: "Where's the wrap? Around his head?")

Several things could happen before the Indians open their 1975 season. Aspromonte could become a former manager. Hendrick could become a former Indian. Or, as happens every day in baseball and politics and all big businesses, the two could declare an uneasy truce. The players recognize the problem. "George is the most explosive situation on this club," says one. "He's such a talented player, he can make or break a manager—or a pennant winner."

And yet the players recognize the possibilities, too. "This club needs Charlie Spikes and George Hendrick to win a pennant," says shortstop Frank Duffy. "Charlie will run through a brick wall to catch a ball. George will get the same ball in a different way. I don't know what's going on inside his gut, though. Nobody does."

It would be a pity if Cleveland had to break up its promising young pair. It's almost always bad poker to split two aces. ■

George Hendrick doesn't have much to do with his teammates, his manager or the press, but they all respect his talent.





Instead of being frozen and milk-white, the water was warm and aqua blue. It shimmered in the swimming pool behind a white, brick-faced split-level on a grassy street in Cherry Hill, New Jersey, a half hour's drive from The Spectrum where Dave Schultz skates in turbulence as the symbol of the Philadelphia Flyers, the Stanley Cup champions. But as he relaxed on a flowered lounge near his pool and shrubs, Dave Schultz was the symbol of tranquility.

"He's a pussycat here," his wife Cathy was saying. "He's a Jekyll and Hyde."

"Around the house," a visitor asked, "do you ever lose your temper like you lose it on the ice?"

"Never," he said.

"When you lose your temper like that off the ice," Cathy said, "that's it."

"Except for golf," he said.

"He throws clubs," she said.

"I threw my seven-iron the other day," he said. "As I swung, the ball moved and I dubbed it. The ball stopped short of some water. But it was about my sixth shot already and I threw my club toward the ball. It bounced past the ball into the water. I don't have my seven-iron in my bag anymore."

On the ice, he throws punches

and tantrums.

"But at home, he's a real Libra," said Cathy, thinking of his October 14th birthdate. "They don't like emotional hassles. They don't like the confrontation situation."

"That's me," Dave Schultz said, grinning.

Throughout the history of confrontations in the National Hockey League, the hero/villain not only has thrived on emotional hassles, he also has been glorified by them. Only the names have changed—from Eddie Shore to Red Horner, Jimmy Orlando, Bill Ezinicki, Ted Lindsay, Lou Fontinato and John Ferguson, each a hero in his hometown arena, each a villain in the other rinks. But none ever was quite like David William Schultz, who attended Bible camp during his Saskatchewan summers as a boy. He's 25 years old now, a husky, hard-eyed six-foot-one, 197-pound left wing with a mustache as bristling as his behavior. He hopes to accumulate more goals than fights after 20 of each last season. But his career statistics don't belong in the NHL Guide; they deserve to be in The Ring Record Book with an asterisk. Unlike many reputed hockey ruffians, he maintains his fortitude everywhere.

"Dave Schultz gave us courage on the road," says Fred Shero, the

Flyers' coach. "You can't measure the value of a man like that."

Yes, you can. Measure it in the engraving of the Flyers' names on the Stanley Cup, the first 1967 expansion team to win it.

Measure it by his popularity in Philadelphia where his fan-club members parade through The Spectrum wearing German army helmets in his honor. When he answered questions on a WCAU phone-in sports show, he got 84,194 calls, more than ten times that of any other guest.

Measure it by the boos for him in other NHL cities. "I have a way," he says, "of really bringing the fans into it. I must do something that really gets to them." Like glaring at them as he glides, barehanded, toward the penalty box.

Measure it in his influence on the NHL's rules. While intimidating and/or distracting opponents, Dave Schultz served a record 348 minutes in penalties last season and 139 more, a playoff record, when the Flyers won the Stanley Cup to the consternation of Clarence Campbell, the NHL president. Campbell abhorred the Broad Street Bullies' bad manners, notably the inclination of Dave Schultz to forget to beg anyone's pardon. Concerned that other teams will try to imitate the Flyers' angry style, Campbell has invoked legislation to

Dave Schultz **Philadelphia's** **Kamikaze Flyer**

BY DAVE ANDERSON

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Dave Schultz

CONTINUED

thwart the counterfeits as well as the originals.

"But nobody," warns Schultz, "will copy our style unless they come up with good hockey players."

As the Flyers did. They didn't win the Stanley Cup with muscle alone. They won it with Bobby Clarke, their authoritative center, and Bernie Parent, their acrobatic goaltender, among many skilled players organized by a scholarly coach. But the image of the Flyers is that of a brawling, snarling team. It's an image that annoys Clarence Campbell, once an NHL referee.

"The authority invested in the officials must be respected promptly," Campbell says. "In the past, this has not been the case, but I can assure you it will be respected this season."

Once penalized, a player now must go "directly and immediately" to the penalty box. If not, he will be assessed an additional two-minute penalty while his team plays short-handed.

"It's going to be a tough year," Dave Schultz says with a sigh. "I can't believe they put in at least three new rules just because of me since the middle of last season. No tape on the hands. No head-butting. Now the go-directly-to-the-box rule. I'm going to need protection by the referees. With my reputation, a guy can knock my head off and nothing

happens. But if I do it once, if I push a ref or hit a guy with my stick, I know Clarence Campbell is going to give it to me real bad. I need protection.

"I used to tape my knuckles," he says, trying not to smile. "Wrap the tape around twice. I cut a number of guys but I just wanted to protect my knuckles. That's why boxers tape their hands—not to hurt the other guy but to protect their own hands. But it wasn't until I

playoffs, the rule came in.

"Going directly to the box is a bad rule because it's all at the discretion of the referee. I really respect referees who talk to me like a person, like Art Skov does. I won't do that much just to make it easier for him. But when a referee tells me to bleep off, that's not right. Or if a referee tells me, 'If you do that again, you'll get a penalty,' that's not right. That means he's thinking about me personally, he's got me picked out. Just call the game. I know it's tough for them. I know they got to watch me extra. But they're not always fair. I've got misconducts because they thought I was going to get into a fight. They *thought*. I mean, I probably would've, but . . . lots of times, I know I got it coming, but . . ."

He doesn't profess to be the NHL's best fighter. He mentions Bob (Battleship) Kelly of the Pittsburgh Penguins, Dan Maloney of the Los Angeles Kings and Gary Howatt of the New York Islanders as more efficient with their fists.

"Then come me and The Hound," says The Hammer, alluding to Bob Kelly, a

Flyer teammate. "I don't know if Battleship Kelly is really the best fighter, but both times I fought him last season, I fell on my ass. Howatt grabbed my hair and he was wearing a helmet, that's not fair. I'm not fancy. I get my grab on with my left hand and start swinging with my right. I don't quit. I come on. I didn't fight good all season, but in the playoffs I had some good ones. There was more pressure in the playoffs. More need to do good. To play good. To fight good, especially on the road."



Once Dave Schultz gets off the ice, he is about as calm and gentle as any other six-foot-one, 197-pound suburban husband.

drove John Van Boxmeer with a right hand in Montreal with Campbell sitting there watching that they put in a rule about it. Now, no foreign material on your hands. The day the rule came in, I broke my thumb in a fight. I wouldn't have broken it if my knuckles were taped.

"The head-butting, I never did it very much. But when I butted Bryan Hextall in Atlanta during the

Dave Schultz

CONTINUED

During the playoffs, most of his notorious episodes occurred on the road—scuffles with Butch Deadmarsh and Hextall in Atlanta, a melee in New York that had Campbell contemplating a one-game suspension, skirmishes with Terry O'Reilly and Wayne Cashman in Boston.

"The ones in Boston were important," Schultz says, "because the Bruins were out to fight us. All of a sudden, they were fighting our defensemen, trying to get them into the penalty box. They were intimidating us. We couldn't let them do that, so we went after them. I had a go with Cashman and in the penalty box, he was motioning at his eye, like he was going to go for one of my eyes when he got out. If he's doing that to scare me, fine. But he's goofy enough to do it. The Bruins were just tough up there. When we won the Cup at home, they didn't try *nothin'*."

The Flyers also won the Cup semi-final at The Spectrum after Schultz battered Dale Rolfe of the

Rangers early in the decisive seventh game. But the memory of that fight bothers Schultz.

"Believe it or not," he says seriously, "I didn't like that fight. Rolfe is a helluva hockey player. I thought Brad Park should've fought me, but I guess Park didn't want to get a penalty. Park was arguing with Orest Kindrachuk near their net. Pete Stemkowski moved in to help Park and I grabbed Stemkowski, then Rolfe grabbed me. I dropped my gloves and grabbed ahold of him. He dropped his gloves and started swinging. If he'd said, 'Settle down,' that might've been it. But once he kept swinging, I kept swinging. On our team, somebody would've jumped in, but none of the Rangers did. Sitting in the penalty box, I really felt bad. I'd embarrassed him in a big game, televised coast to coast. He's too good a hockey player to be embarrassed like that. I shouldn't feel that way, I guess. But the thing is, I'd do it again."

In his panelled family room, the skeleton of a model ship perched on a stand.

"It's very painstaking work," Dave Schultz explained. "It's real soft wood. You have to shape each piece of the hull individually, then sand it, then fit it on. I've been told it'll be worth maybe \$500 if I

do a good job. I've been too busy lately to do much work on it, but I'll finish it."

He glanced toward a 1,500-piece jigsaw puzzle of a Swiss landscape.

"Patience," he said. "To do models and puzzles, you need patience."

In his orange-black-and-white uniform, his patience is thinner than the ice, which is less than half an inch thick.

"I don't know what comes over me out there," he says, "but I hate seeing a guy picking on one of our guys. Terry Harper does that. Once, in Los Angeles, he was running Clarkie, so I went out there. He said, 'You trying to cause trouble?' I said, 'C'mon, fight,' but he wouldn't so I belted him in the side of his face with a right hand. Knocked him on his ass. I hate guys like that. Cheap-shot guys who'll run Clarkie but won't go near me. I don't like guys who don't play tough but talk tough. Hilliard Graves of California is like that; someday I'll punch his head off. Easy-going guys like Jean Ratelle of the Rangers, I let them go. Once I know a guy's scared of me, I won't take advantage of him physically, but I'll run him and take the puck away from him."

As a youngster in Saskatchewan, he didn't start out belligerent. He lived in small towns named Wald-



heim and Lucky Lake and Rose-town, depending on where his father was employed as an auto mechanic. His mother raised him, his brother Raymond and three younger sisters.

"Waldheim was a very religious town, Mennonite Brethren," he says. "They don't drink, dance or smoke. There was no beer joint there, no dances. And when I was little, I went to Bible camp in the summer for about three years. I wasn't a tough kid. One time when I was about eight, me and my brother put on boxing gloves. He hit me in the face and I quit. I remember having one fight in school. One kid was really bugging me. I took a swing at him, a slap really, because I was used to slapping with my brother. But this kid hit me with his fist. He just punched me and I cried.

"I never had any street fights. I didn't want to get a foot in the face. I saw a few of those: The guy on the bottom wasn't having any fun. Anytime that I got in trouble, I'd always call on my brother to protect me. There was one guy in Rose-town, he'd shake his fist at me. I went and got my brother one time and the guy was really nice to me for a long time after that. But at a dance one night, he shook his fist

If there's a fight on the ice, and there often is when the Flyers play, you'll always find Dave Schultz in the melee.



EVEN ON A LYNCHBURG FOX HUNT, the talk will generally take a turn toward whiskey.

Mainly, we'll sit round the fire, let the dogs do the work and tell stories about the good old days. We'll recall when Jack Daniel bested all the big distillers at the St. Louis World's Fair. Or the time Tennessee voted dry in 1909.

And the day Mr. Jack nearly got married. It seems that the stories could go on and on. But then the dogs get to baying in a special way and someone says, "Boys, let's chase ourselves a fox."



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Dave Schultz

CONTINUED

again. I never did nothin'. He started it, then I swung and missed. I put my fist through the wall. One of my friends fought him. I always got somebody to help me."

His demeanor as a teenage hockey player also was comparatively mild until he joined the Sorel, Quebec, team.

"That's where it started. We had a real tough junior team. I wasn't scared. I knew everybody would back me up. The next year, at Roanoke, Virginia, in the Eastern League, the first game I got into a fight. The other players liked it, the fans liked it, the coach liked it. I did the same thing at Quebec and Richmond of the American League because I realized the only way I'd make the NHL was by playing tough and fighting."

As a rookie two seasons ago, he served 259 penalty minutes, then 51 more before the Flyers were eliminated in the Cup semifinal.

"I only scored nine goals that season," he says. "But last season, around Christmas, I got two hat-tricks in a week's time. After that, people began saying, 'He can play hockey.' I want to get my 20 goals every year now, although people are still going to think of me for my penalties."

Of his record 348 minutes last season, 160 were for misconducts and game-misconducts, 100 for 20 five-minute fighting penalties, only 88 in minor penalties.

"I'm not that bad a guy," he says. "I don't use my stick. I always drop it first in a fight. Out of all my penalties, I think I only had four minutes for high-sticking. And no spearing, no butt-ending, no cross-checking."

He's close. He had only one two-minute penalty for high-sticking, only one for cross-checking.

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"Most of my minors were for roughing," he says, alluding to 24 of his 44 two-minute penalties. "Once you get that reputation, it's hard to get away from it. I never say I'm going to get anybody because this puts pressure on me to do it. But I know a lot of guys will be trying to make a reputation by fighting me. People don't realize I've got feelings too. I get so damned nervous before a game because I know some guy is coming after me. I shouldn't admit it, but I get scared too. And it's going to be even worse this year."

In her chaise lounge near the pool, Cathy Schultz was working with needlepoint as her husband watched.

"I didn't know how to do this when I first got it," she was saying. "I couldn't follow the directions."

"I taught her," Dave said.

"That's right. He grabbed it, looked at the directions and showed me how to do it. He's very good at following directions."

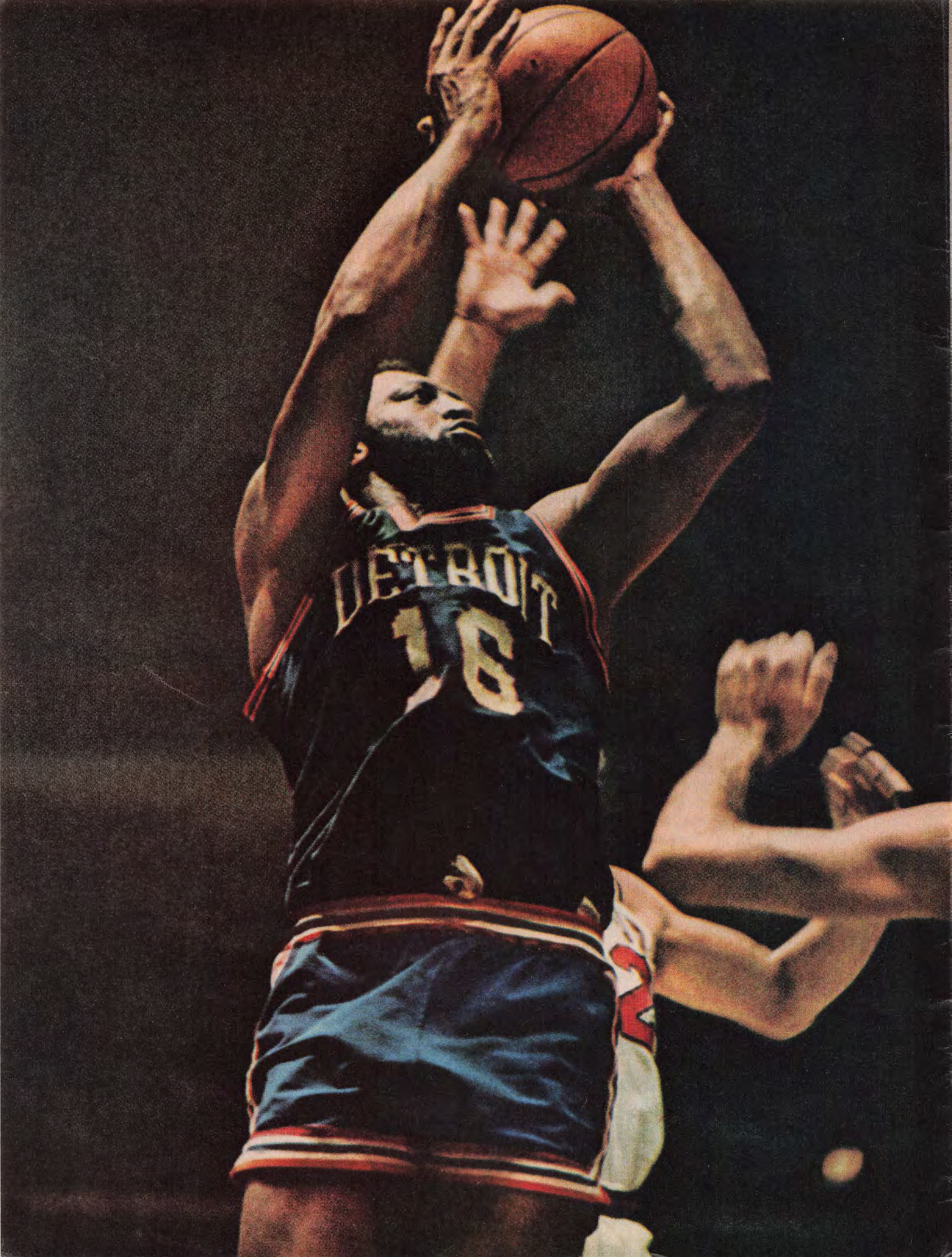
"Like the hanging lamps," he said.

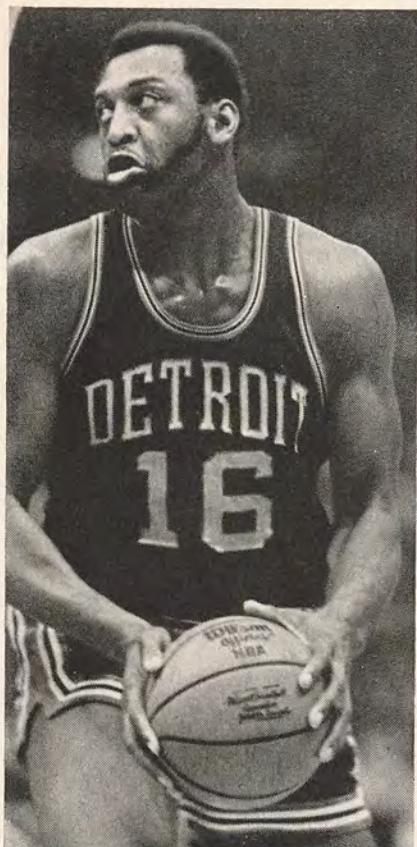
"I wanted two hanging lamps in our bedroom," she said. "He had to line them up with the bed and the end-tables. He really had to measure. It took him four hours. But he did a perfect job. He has the patience for that sort of thing. And he's good with the shrubs and the lawn. That really surprised me."

Dave Schultz nodded with the smile that his opponents never see.

"Our neighbors tell me," he said proudly, "that since we moved in, a year ago, the lawn is the best they've even seen it."

Living next door to Dave "The Hammer" Schultz, it would be a very foolhardy neighbor who dared to say anything different. ■





Bob Lanier: No More Doubts In Detroit

BY JOE FALLS

During the six full seasons I spent with the Detroit Pistons . . . we never once won half our games. . . . We were so bad we were ashamed of ourselves. . . . When we went on road trips, I deliberately carried my travel bag—with DETROIT PISTONS on one side—so that only the blank side showed.

—Dave DeBusschere
The Open Man

After years of turning defeat into a tradition, of elevating disarray to an art form and of establishing last place as a permanent mailing address, the Detroit Pistons suddenly fell into good habits last season. They began winning, frequently, and in a spontaneous locker-room celebration after one of those victories, Curtis Rowe, the young forward from UCLA, offered as good an explanation as any. He looked toward the corner of the room and spotted the big man sitting on a stool, snipping tape off his ankles.

"Our savior," Rowe shouted, softening the sacrilege with a laugh.

"Our leader," hollered Dave Bing, the veteran guard.

"Our healer," called Chris Ford and Don Adams, slapping hands.

Bob Lanier looked up from his ankles. "Listen to those guys," he said, smiling. "They think I'm Moses."

The comparison was ridiculous. Moses never made it to the Promised Land. Lanier did. He and his Detroit teammates reached the playoffs of the National Basketball Association last spring, for the first time since 1968. They didn't quite beat down the walls of Jerusalem—Chicago eliminated them in the first round—but at least they got to the outskirts.

And Lanier, at age 25, made it to stardom. He can shoot from the outside, and he can drive on the inside. His lefthanded jump shot is as deft as any guard's, and his hands are quick enough for a pickpocket. The strongest man in the NBA to-

day, he is six-foot-11 and 265 pounds, which makes him the biggest Moses in history, breaking the record set by Charlton Heston a little more than a decade ago.

Moses, savior, leader, healer—Lanier is all of those things. But only four years ago, he was a prophet without honor in his own city. Not without profit, though. When he came out of St. Bonaventure University, Lanier received a package worth \$1.2 million to sign with the Pistons. For a while, the people of Detroit doubted that he was worth a fraction of that. The Edsel had debuted with more promise.

On his very first day in training camp in 1970, Lanier hobbled around the court like a wounded buffalo. He'd had a knee operation. The scar looked like a zipper on a windbreaker.

The people watching the workout shook their heads, then hung their heads. It hurt them to watch Lanier limp. The Pistons were starting their 14th year in Detroit, and were still looking for their first winning sea-

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No More Doubts

CONTINUED

son. Lanier was supposed to lead them, and he could barely trot.

Once the season began, Lanier played. He played in pain, but he played in every single one of Detroit's 82 games. He helped Detroit achieve the first winning record in its history. He played well enough to make the NBA's All-Rookie team. But he did not play his best, nowhere near his best. His knee hurt, and he was overweight, and the only way he could lose weight was by running it off, but if he ran a lot, his knee hurt more. The fans taunted him. They threw tennis balls at him and laughed at his extra weight.

Lanier suffered—and not only physically. “I knew what they were saying about me in the beginning, calling me the ‘Million Dollar Bum,’” he says. “But you go back and look at the movies. Study them. I had no lateral movement in my legs. I couldn’t get off my hook shot and I couldn’t move from side to side at all. I’m not a good jumper. I’ve got to move laterally to get into position to shoot. I just couldn’t do it.”

Gradually, the pain began to subside—the pain in his knee. In his second and third seasons, Lanier began to do the things that million-dollar centers are supposed to do. But, still, as big as he was, he kept getting lost in the shadow of even bigger men, like Wilt Chamberlain and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, and sometimes even in the shadow of smaller men.

At the dinner before the All-Star game, in the middle of his third season, Lanier sat down next to Fred Zollner, the man who then owned the Pistons, the man who had given him his million-dollar con-

tract. Zollner looked up at Lanier, smiled and said “Nice to see you, Happy.”

The man who was earning more money than any athlete in the history of Detroit, the man who had to overcome as many obstacles as any athlete in the history of Detroit, the man who had helped make the Pistons a winning team for the first time ever in Detroit . . . he was sitting next to his boss, and the boss thought he was Happy Hairston — a former Piston.

Recognition has never come easy to Bob Lanier.

His problems began with his feet. At age 11, Lanier's feet were size 11. Now they are size 22. The first time he ever tried out for a basketball team, in grammar school, the coach took one look at those feet and told Lanier he would never be an athlete. Not only were his feet a painful embarrassment, they were just plain painful. Lanier grew up so quickly in a Buffalo, New York, ghetto, that his parents couldn't keep him in shoes. He was six-two by the time he was 12. He

always wore shoes that were too tight for him. He didn't complain. He didn't know better.

“When your father picks up junk for a living,” he says, “you do not understand about the comforts of life, like having shoes that fit.”

He always thought everyone's feet must hurt a little. He was thankful he had a pair of shoes. Later, his feet became the butt of practical jokes. His grammar school teacher recalls only once having to call Bob's father to school. That was when Lanier picked up a classmate and threw him across the room for hiding one of his custom-made size-17s. Strangers would take one look at his feet and say, “What time is the launching?”

The surest path away from the jokes was to excel in something; a man named Lonnie Alexander, the athletic director at the Buffalo Boys Club, helped Lanier find his something.

“When Bob first came in, at age 11, I noticed how tall he was for his age,” says Alexander. “I asked him if he played basketball, and he said no. I asked why not, and he said



Bob Lanier came to Detroit with All-American promise and a bum knee. Once the knee healed, he fulfilled the promise.

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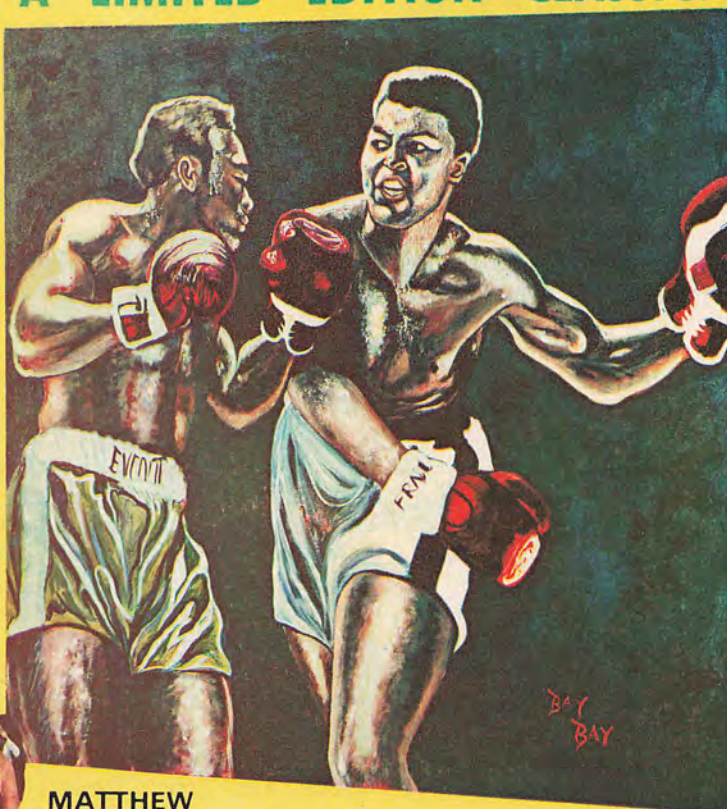
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No More Doubts

CONTINUED



his elementary school coach said he was too awkward." The elementary school coach was only half-blind. "Bob had to be taught to run without falling," Alexander recalls. "I gave him agility exercises."

Lanier worked on his coordination. He got better and he got bigger. His self-confidence grew, too. By the time he was in high school, he was not only a good basketball player, he was a top pitcher in the Police Athletic League, and a local table-tennis champion. But he still lacked something. Aggression. "I remember one game," says Alexander. "We were playing Humboldt YMCA for the championship. They were just hitting him and pushing him around, without Bob doing anything to protect himself." It seems that Lanier was so much bigger than everyone else, he felt it would be unfair to take advantage of his size. "I told him, 'You gotta get rough, you can't let yourself get mauled,'" Alexander recalls. "He went out and knocked down several of the other boys. From then on, nobody took advantage of him."

As a six-foot-six forward, Lanier led Bennett High School to two city championships and he was named to the All-New York State squad in his senior year. He got scholarship offers from over 100 schools, and selected St. Bonaventure. There he re-wrote the record book. He set a career scoring mark of 2,067 points, pulled down 1,180 rebounds, and tied the Holiday Festival scoring record with a 50-point spree against Purdue at Madison Square Garden. He was chosen All-America, and led his team, in his senior year, into the NCAA finals, where he sustained the knee injury that would plague him during his first few pro seasons. (Ironically, the player who tripped and fell across his legs, causing that injury, is now playing guard for the Pistons: Chris Ford, of Villanova.)

When he reported to the Pistons, an old joke followed him. "Bob Lanier's feet stepped off a plane

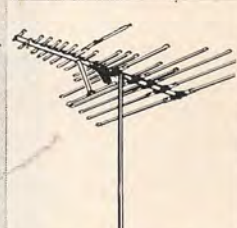
As long as Bob Lanier was hobbled, so were the hopes of the Pistons. Every time he limped, Piston fans felt the pain.



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Wednesday," a Detroit newspaper reported, "followed, a few minutes later, by Bob Lanier."

Lanier's first season with the Pistons—still crippled by the injury to his right knee, and by 20 pounds of unwanted fat hugging his middle—he shared playing time with veteran Otto Moore, and averaged 15.6 points per game. Lanier's knee was better his second year, and his scoring average soared to 25.7. He also got twice as many rebounds as he had in his rookie season, and won the NBA's prestigious One-on-One contest.

But meanwhile, the Pistons were still wandering, far out of contention. The fact that a Piston had won the One-on-One contest surprised no one. On the Pistons, that was the game everyone played.

The truth was, as far as some critics were concerned, Bob Lanier would never live up to his potential—and the Pistons would never climb out of the division cellar—until he fired up his lackadaisical game. For example, he'd set up on the low post, and a defender would shove him out a little. He'd set up again and get shoved out a little more. By the time someone threw him a pass, he'd be 20 feet away from the basket, and have to take the long jump-shot. As one teammate put it: "Guys who are 6-11 and 280 pounds don't win games for you by hitting 20-foot jump-shots."

On defense, as well as offense, Lanier wasn't pushing people around. He wasn't leaning on them like Chamberlain or elbowing them like Abdul-Jabbar. He had to take charge and someone had to tell him so. Moses got God's message from the burning bush. Pro basketball's highest authority on how to play the center position, Bill Russell,

spoke to Lanier through television.

Russell was doing the color commentary for ABC-TV's Game of the Week. During that '71-'72 season, the first time Detroit was on, and every time thereafter, Russell recited the Pistons' defects in scathing detail; he insinuated that Lanier's defensive play was classically ineffective. After that disappointing season, owner Zollner put Bill Russell on his payroll. Ostensibly, Russell was there to help the Pistons become better defensive ballplayers. In fact, everyone knew that Russell had been hired to bring out the best in Bob Lanier. To Lanier's credit, he didn't object to having the man who had criticized him in front of millions of viewers as a tutor. Russell had always been one of Lanier's idols.

"I remember how he greeted me," Lanier says, laughing. "He said, 'You big overweight ox, I'm gonna run that baby fat off you.' He wasn't kidding, either. Run, run, run, all the time. He had no mercy. I lost 15 pounds, going from 280 to 265."

When Lanier wasn't running during the 1972 pre-season camp, he was learning to bull his way on offense, to clog the middle on defense, and block shots, and police the area in front of each basket as if he carried the deed to it in his pocket. Later, Russell said, "I didn't teach Bob Lanier anything. I just tried to show him what it takes to win."

During the 1972-73 season, Lanier's scoring average went down a little, to 23.8 points a game, but his defense and his rebounding improved markedly. In one game alone, he grabbed 33 rebounds.

And last season, Lanier came fully of age. While averaging 22.5 points per game, and 13.3 rebounds per game, in '73-74, Lanier became the Pistons' acknowledged floor leader. The result? The Pistons had their finest season ever. They won more games (52) than ever before. They made the playoffs, extending the tough Chicago Bulls to seven games before being eliminated.

"Bob's the one who did it for us,"

insists Dave Bing, the Pistons' captain, and one of Lanier's best friends off-court. "He took the pressure off the rest of us. He did the things a good basketball team has to have done, and the rest of us were able to concentrate on our own jobs."

Says coach Ray Scott: "Bob is a very special player. He does it all for us. He has made himself better and everyone around him better. He has matured, and our entire team has matured with him. He is a finished copy of Willis Reed."

But Lanier isn't satisfied with himself yet. The fact that he is considered, along with the Celtics' Dave Cowens, to be third or fourth among centers behind Abdul-Jabbar and Chamberlain isn't good enough. With Bill Walton coming into the league, and Nate Thurmond coming into Chicago, Lanier faces new challenges. He wants to prove he can handle anyone.

"I take Jabbar outside and try to drive the hoop more than I do against other teams," he says, "and that was the thing I wasn't able to do when I first came into the league. And then my second year, he had a mental thing over me. He *knew* he could beat me. But he doesn't have that anymore. It's a heads-up thing now."

When he talks about Chamberlain, it's not of the basketball player, but the man. "It took Wilt two years to say 'Hi' to me," Lanier recalls. "And then all he said was 'Hi.' I don't know what it was about Wilt, but I just lit a fire under him. The dude got mad at the sight of me. We played cards together at the All-Star game a couple of years ago. He was losing money and you *know* he hates to pay for anything. I said, 'Look at you. You got that big old house and everything. And me? I ain't got nuthin'.'"

Lanier waves his hand—a gesture that encompasses his Cadillac, his beautiful wife, Shirley, his two children, his German Shepherd, his revised five-year \$1.5 million contract, his 1972 ABA-NBA All-Star game MVP trophy . . . and laughs.

In fact, Lanier says, the toughest centers for him to handle aren't nec-

essarily the superstars. "Probably somebody like Dennis Awtrey or Neal Walk is toughest for me," he says, "because they push a lot and they get away with it."

The Cavaliers' Steve Patterson, a center who has to make up in aggression what he lacks in brawn and talent, remembers a night he did not "get away with it."

"We were playing in Detroit," Patterson says. "I'm aware of Lanier's great strength, but I figured I was really playing the guy heads-up, when, suddenly, I don't know how he did it . . . I was leaning on him, hammering him, practically hanging on him, and he just wrapped his arms around me and threw me to the ground like I was a rag-doll. It was like I wasn't even there. I did a complete four-point landing, landed on both elbows, bruised them both, and they really swelled up."

"Bob didn't even appear to be angry, because as soon as he did it, he looked at me, offered his hand, and helped me up. But he gave me a graphic illustration that, all right, you can play rough and you can play strong, but there is a line past which you cannot go."

Bob Lanier is drawing the line tighter every year. ■

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ANSWERS
From page 18

- 1—a. 2—a. 3—b. 4—b. 5—a. 6—True.
7—b. 8—a. 9—a. 10—a. 11—b. 12—False.
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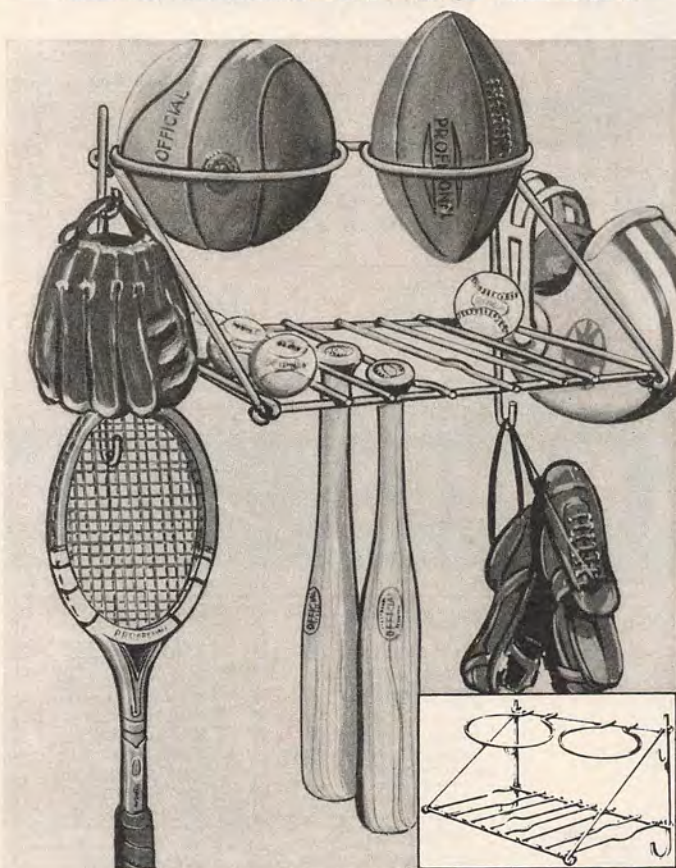
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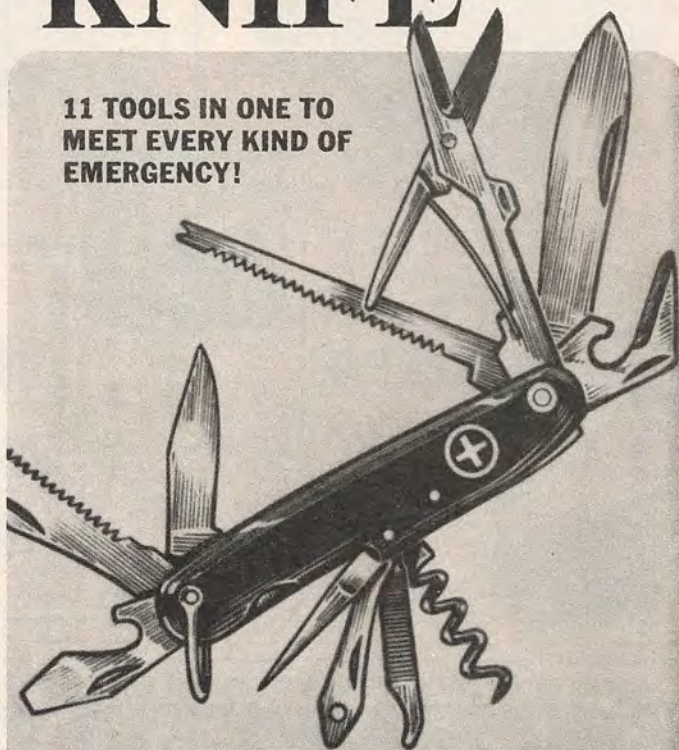
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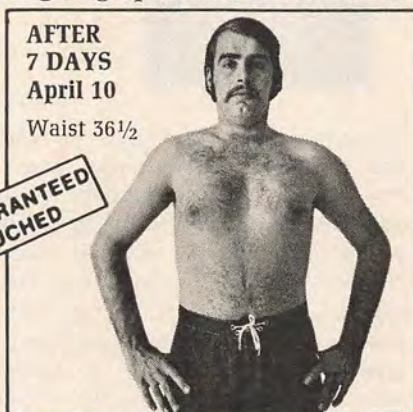
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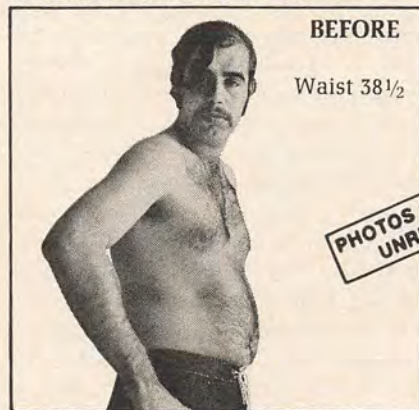


Anthony, out-of-shape, sloppy and oozing out of his clothes before starting the Plan.

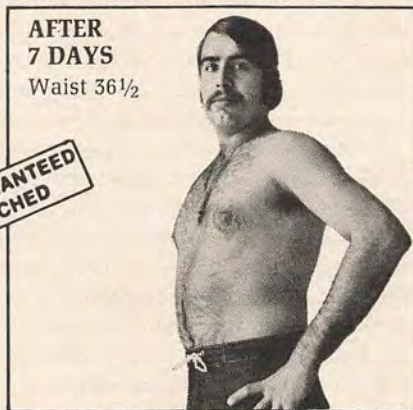


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PAUL HEMPHILL'S AMERICA



During the '50s, when a football fan from a place like the Midwest considered the South, he thought of Georgia Tech. Based in downtown Atlanta, the Yellow Jackets were formidable year in and year out. A silver-haired, drawling former Tennessee scatback named Robert Lee Dodd was the coach, and each year he fashioned an opportunistic collection of flea-sized backs and shark-quick linebackers and adept punters who specialized in letting the other team lose. Throughout the decade, Georgia Tech's publicity director merely wrote a newsletter to the sportswriters of America beginning, "These are Tech's All-American candidates," assuring a place in immortality for such players as Maxie Baughan and Jimmy Thompson and Billy Teas. Dodd boasted that during the regular season his boys eschewed contact work for volleyball games, constructing a legend that, as the headlines read, "At Tech, Football Is Fun." The Yellow Jackets each year ranked in the top ten, went to bowl games, drew capacity crowds and stacked the All-American listings.

A decline began, though, midway into the '60s. Dodd retired to the athletic director's chair, and a string of successors floundered. Then two totally separate factors came into play. On the one hand, Tech decided to drop out of the Southeastern Conference; the feeling was that the other Conference schools did not set entrance requirements comparable to Tech's. And on the other hand, major-league professional sports flooded Atlanta, and all their seasons—baseball, football, basketball and hockey—overlapped Tech's football season. No longer the only game in town, no longer free from competition, Georgia Tech football lost its special, sainted status in Atlanta.

I hadn't realized just how far Tech had plummeted until recently, when I saw in the Atlanta newspapers several ads promoting Tech's upcoming season and telling folks how to order tickets. "Pepper"—meaning ex-Tech star Pepper Rodgers, a delightful gnome lured back from UCLA to be the new head coach—"is spicing things up again," read the ads. Meanwhile, the choice news columns on the sports pages, once taken for granted by Tech, were given over to the Braves, the Falcons and the other pro teams in Atlanta, while Tech's pre-season story was on the fourth page, with the fishing and golf columns.

I had just read in an interview with somebody like Darrell Royal that you can always count on the ultimate top ten and major bowl teams coming from two dozen schools in a given year: Alabama, Ohio State, Southern Cal, et al. These teams represent the major universities in their states, usually, and have everything going their way—some based in small college towns, some unchallenged by other entertainments, most fiercely supported by state legislatures and dedicated alumni—and it set me to thinking about the less-privileged schools, such big-city and/or private universities as Southern Methodist and Georgia Tech and Pittsburgh and Miami, which are bearing the brunt of the proliferation of pro sports and its consequent competition for the sports fan's allegiance.

"Back in the '40s and '50s, all we had to do at Pitt was field a team," I was told when I got on the phone to Beano Cook, once sports information director for the University of Pittsburgh but now on the other side of the fence with the Miami Dolphins. "In '47, we went 1-8 or 1-9 and scored 28 points all year, but the football program made a profit

of \$75,000. The private schools like SMU and Baylor are being hurt the most, because they don't have the subsidization to help them compete with the pros. I think college football is in its most crucial stage right now. The energy crisis, runaway budgets and the competition from pro sports all mean that the only way you can make it is to win."

Georgia Tech isn't in any danger of giving up its football program, as some fallen powers have done recently, but its movers are testy these days. For one thing, bailing out of the SEC a decade ago now seems like a costly mistake. Average attendance for seven home games last year was some 52,000, but this year should be a downer because such natural rivals as Alabama and Tennessee are locked into an SEC round-robin schedule and, for '74, are off the schedule. Without such opponents, it is difficult for the Yellow Jackets to compete for attention with a match between, say, the Falcons and the L.A. Rams. Tech had a lovely opportunity to build up its following, both in Atlanta and around the country, when it opened its 1974 season on national television. Unfortunately, Notre Dame, despite the well-publicized loss of several players, refused to cooperate. The Irish, who play out of a college town and are backed by fiercely loyal alumni, made it a sad night for Georgia Tech, 31-7.

Tech's assistant athletic director, John McKenna, has his own sad story to tell. "I just rode by a sign saying Atlanta's population is now 1,650,000," he says. "They come from everywhere. They don't have any allegiance to Tech. It's more natural for them to align themselves with the pros. And our alumni tend to go off and build skyscrapers in San Francisco rather than stay in small Southern towns near enough to come back for home games." Tech's only choice, McKenna implies, is to get behind Pepper Rodgers and field a dazzling winner which can compete with the Falcons and the other pro teams in town. "I ran into a fellow the other day who asked me, remembering how hard it used to be to find Tech football tickets, who he had to know and what he had to do to buy some for this fall. I told him, 'Write me a check and I'll take care of it personally.'" The guy probably thought he was getting a favor.

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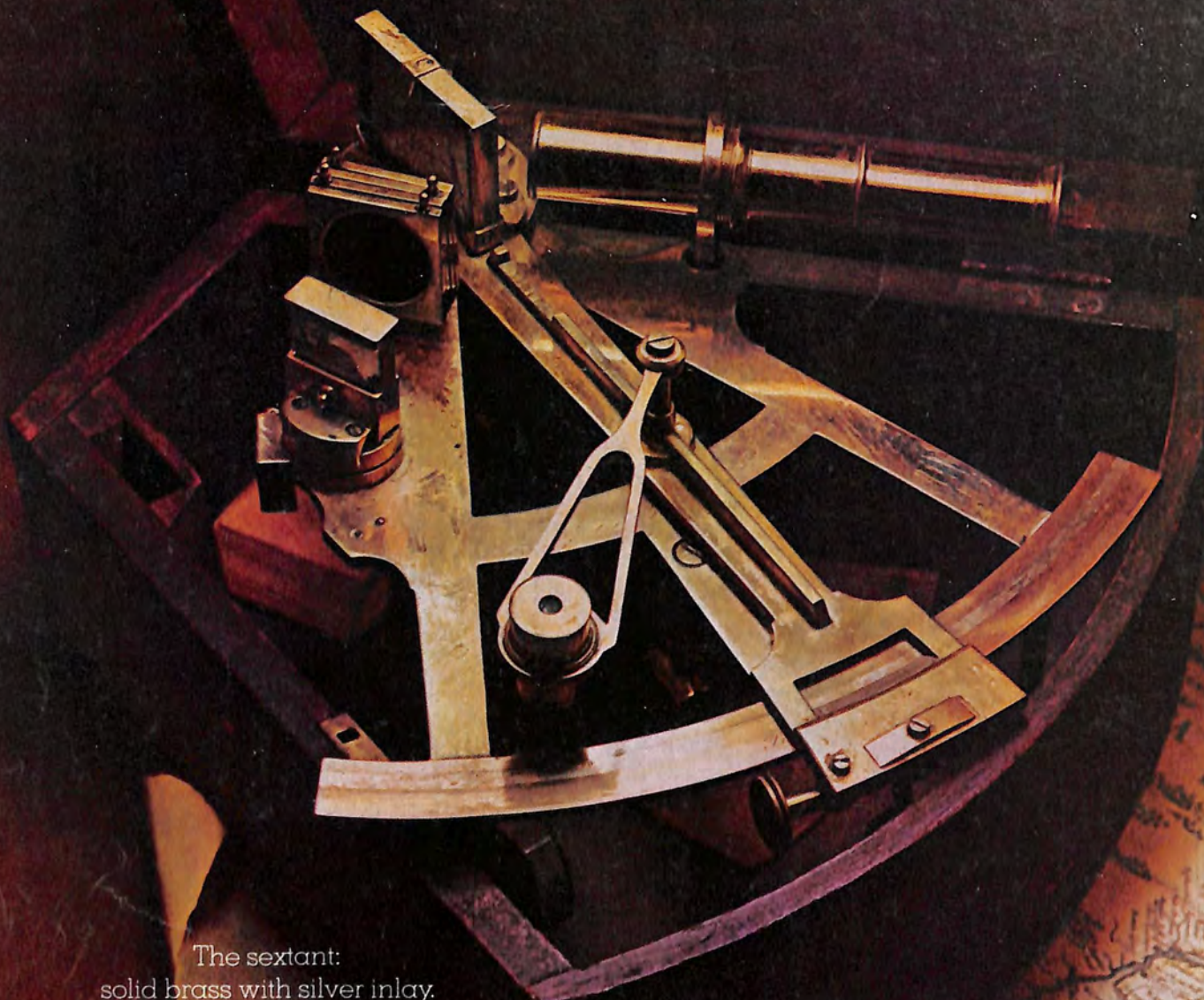
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